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LITERATURE.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English, with Notes Original and Selected, and a new Life of the Author. By Henry Edward Watts. Vols. I. and II. (Bernard Quaritch.)

It was a bold undertaking to bring out a new translation of *Don Quixote* so soon after the publication of those by Mr. Duffield and Mr. Ormsby. For the ordinary reader either of these editions, certainly that of Mr. Ormsby, would suffice. Mr. Watts's work, as appears by the very conditions of its issue (the edition being limited to 250 copies), will not supersede these. It appeals to another and an inner circle. These volumes will have a warm welcome from all lovers of Cervantes, and not the least from those who have studied most carefully, and are most alive to the merits of, the preceding versions. Bibliophiles, too, will hail this edition with delight. In paper, print, and binding, it seems almost perfect. Strong and yet light; though a quarto, yet not too heavy to be held in the hand; clear in type, with head and tail-pieces not too obtrusive, but which repay investigation—it is materially a model of what a student's edition of a favourite author should be. *Beati possidentes.*

The whole work is to be completed in five volumes. Vols. i. and ii. are now before us. Vol. i. contains the preface, introduction, life of Cervantes, various appendices on bibliography, the romances of chivalry, and especially a translation of Heine's essay on Cervantes and *Don Quixote*. Vol. ii. contains the first part of the *Quixote* to the end of cap. xxiv., also with useful appendices, particularly those on the *Amadis*. In the following remarks I shall deal chiefly with the life of Cervantes, reserving criticism of the translation until more of it has been completed.

Mr. Watts, throughout vol. i., shows his high ideal of what a translation of his original should be. He has in the fullest extent what the French call "the courage of his opinions." It is almost a shriek of defiance to assert (p. 2) "that *Don Quixote* is the book of all others in the world the most translatable, which is proved, I maintain, by the fact of its being the book most often translated." Well, if this be so, then the Old and New Testaments, and Homer, should be still more easy to be translated. Grant that it is so in parts of the former, did our latest revisors find it to be so throughout? Will any true lover of Homer say that any version gives even tolerable satisfaction to one familiar with the original? We fear that it is a *non-sequitur* to argue from the frequency of translation that the original is easy to translate. It is the very difficulty, the danger of the task,

that is often sufficient lure—witness the countless versions of Horace, those of *Faust*, and of Heine's poems. The attraction is that of the enchanted castle in the fairy tales—"the many fail, the one succeeds"; and each latest champion hopes that he will be the favoured, the exceptional, the unique, the only one to make his own the hidden beauty within. Excellent are the rules for translation of the *Quixote* laid down in pp. 15-19 of this introduction. Few would have had the boldness to present critics with such an arm to be used against themselves. We think none the worse of Mr. Watts for the frank confession—"I must acknowledge that sometimes I have failed to make sense of the words as they stand." These are golden words; and, were I an autocrat, they should be inscribed on the front of every edition of a foreign or an ancient classic put into the hands of school boys and undergraduates.

The life of Cervantes is an excellent one. It brings before us the man in his nobility, his manliness, his courage, his large-heartedness, his hard fortunes, and his unfailing genial humour, not the mere writer only. There was nothing petty or mean about Cervantes. His absolute fearlessness is shown best, I think, by the influence that he gained over his Algerian masters. Tyrants such as they, cruel and capricious, if they be only brave themselves, often like just the one man who is not afraid of them, who, in straits of life and death, shows to them the same careless genial humour which he evinces to his fellow captives. This I deem to be the secret why that arch-plotter of escape, Cervantes, was spared the blows and mutilation and death which fell so often on his fellow-captives, who had not done half so much (from the slave-owner's point of view) as he had done to deserve them. The presentment of Cervantes is given well. In one point alone does it seem to me that the author is mistaken. Mr. Watts is free from the eidolon of British insularity; but here and there appears the working of the leaven of English religious narrowness—the incapability of looking at certain subjects unless through Protestant spectacles. Philip II. is still the unnatural monster in his eyes which he appeared in the eyes of our fathers. Sta. Teresa is "a female Quixote if ever there was one." *Don Quixote*, if not written with anti-Roman Catholic and anti-inquisitorial tendencies, still shows a secret, if unconscious, leaning that way. This is a mistake. Heine's words (pp. 314, 15, 17) are rigidly exact: "There is in *Don Quixote* no trace of anti-Catholicism; neither is there any of anti-absolutism, and the critics who detect such are clearly mistaken." There may be traces of a feeling against the Dominicans *versus* the Redemptorist fathers. Such family jars have continually arisen in the Spanish Church, the divers orders belabouring one another in the press, and from the pulpit, with epithets as strong as those ever bandied between Calvinists and Arminians, Evangelicals and Ritualists, and sometimes compelling the interference of the secular power to silence them; but there has been no thought of heresy or anti-Romanism in all this. As to Philip II.'s subserviency to the Pope or to the Church in mere politics, it is all moonshine. He was within an ace of

making himself as much a Pope over the Spanish Church as Henry VIII. was over the English Church. The difference is simply that of a man with a masterful will, and one weak and irresolute, if persistent. The decline of Spanish constitutional liberty had begun long before his time. We are sorry to see, in a note on p. 222, such an expression on the wretched last years of Lope de Vega, that his conduct "was one not unworthy of a priest and a familiar of the Inquisition." I am aware of the damning and incontrovertible evidence as to the morals of some of the Spanish clergy of that and other periods; but this cannot make us overlook the noble lives of others, nor the fact that Spanish religious literature of that age, for beauty of style, for intensity of devotion, for depth of spirituality, is equal to any in Europe.

To descend to particulars. In a note on p. 25 Mr. Watts mentions "Juan Calderon, the author of an admirable little book, entitled *Cervantes Vindicado* (Madrid, 1854), "of whom I can learn nothing but that he was a refugee in England and had turned Protestant." I have before me *Don Juan Calderon, sa vie écrite par lui-même* (Paris: J. Bonhoure et Cie. 1880). From the preface it appears that this autobiography had been already published in Spanish at Madrid by Usoz in 1855. His name also appears in vol. i., p. 58, of Boehmer's *Spanish Reformers of Two Centuries*. He was the editor in succession of two Spanish journals published in London, *El Catolicismo Neto* and *El Examen Libre*, and author of several grammatical and religious works. I do not find his book on Cervantes mentioned among them; but this is not surprising: even Wiffen does not seem to be aware of Usoz's literary works previous to his conversion. Juan Calderon died in January, 1854. His son is the distinguished member of the Royal Academy. I quite agree with Mr. Watts that the dedication of the *Quixote* to the Duc de Bejar, as it now stands, may not be wholly from the pen of Cervantes; but I cannot join with him in rejecting the "Relacion de lo sucedido en la ciudad de Valladolid" on the occasion of the Earl of Nottingham's embassy. The assertion of the contemporary sonnet (whether written by Gongora or by any other disappointed scribe), coupled with the other evidence brought forward by Señors Gayangos and Ramirez de Villa-urruia, is too direct and decisive to be set aside by any merely subjective criticism. As to the acquaintance of Cervantes with Arabic and with Mohammedan customs, besides his captivity in Algiers, Mr. Watts seems to forget that Arabic must have lingered still in many parts of Southern and South-Eastern Spain among the Moriscos, and that Cervantes's official duties necessarily brought him into contact with these country people. Critics, of course, will continue to differ about the comparative value of Cervantes's writings. No one can affect to dogmatise in such matters. I should not place the *Numantia* quite so high as Mr. Watts does on p. 141. On the other hand, I should give more prominence to *La Gitanilla*, with its creation of Preciosa, the fruitful mother in literature of such offsprings as the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo, the Preciosa of Longfellow's "Spanish Student," and, per-

haps, of the *Spanish Gipsy* of George Eliot. She is for all Europe as much the typical ideal of the Spanish gipsy girl, as Don Juan is of the reckless Spanish libertine. I must cut short these desultory remarks, only asking if the surname *Duro* should not be attached to the "Don Cesáreo Fernandez" of note, p. 245; and mentioning that the letter of Cervantes (p. 238, note) has just been bequeathed by the Marqués de San Roman to the Real Academia de la Historia to be there preserved with due honour in glass case under lock and key.

One glance at the translation. The difficult prefatory verses are here rendered more literally than by Mr. Gibson in Mr. Duffield's edition. While they are not equal to these as English poems, they perhaps give a truer idea of what the Spanish is; but in one line Mr. Watts has violated one of his own canons of translation (p. 26, l. 3): "The provender which proves thy providence" introduces a verbal play not to be found in "Que mostraron tu cuerda providencia." As to the commentator's notes on p. 12, Cervantes merely echoes at first or second hand the Vulgate text (1 Reg. xvii. 2), "Vallem terebinthi," without a thought of anything else. This is an instance, I believe, of commentators seeing more than their author ever dreamt of. For Don Quixote's Saturday supper of *duelos y quebrantos*, Mr. Duffield's "resurrection pie," Mr. Watts's "hotch-potch," would not "skin and grief," if it has not become obsolete within the last thirty years, be the best equivalent? This was the name given in my youth by Buckinghamshire shepherds to the hurt or worn-out sheep with which they were occasionally presented by their employers: "Thank-ee, measter, it's nought but skin and grief." I have also heard the phrase applied to human beings, "old skin and grief," as the most cutting of all possible terms of contempt.

These alternative suggestions will not, I hope, lead anyone to undervalue Mr. Watts's version. It is too soon yet to affirm that he is "the master bowman," with the highest score attainable; but he has certainly sent an arrow fair, and pierced an inner ring, even if he has not cleft the mark, and distanced all competitors.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

The Tripartite Life of Patrick, with other Documents relating to that Saint. Edited, with Translations, by Whitley Stokes. (Rolls Series.)

THE character of the present work and the high reputation of Mr. Stokes as a Celtic scholar, if in themselves sufficient guarantee for thoroughness of treatment, evidently preclude anything like a detailed criticism of it in this place. It must suffice to give a general idea of the scope of the work, together with such remarks as are suggested by a careful perusal of it.

Of all the documents here printed the substance has long been known to students of Irish ecclesiastical history. But, apart from its special reference to St. Patrick, this edition of the *Tripartite Life*, with its elaborate Introduction, has a particular interest for the historian and philologist. Perhaps (though the remark savours somewhat paradoxical) we should not be far

wide of the mark if we were to assert that the interest attaching to the life of the saint is wholly subordinate to these two wider and more general claims upon our attention. Indeed, if we accept (as we undoubtedly must) Mr. Stokes's conclusion that the *Tripartite Life* is a production of the eleventh century its importance as an authority for St. Patrick's life is very trifling. For it is evidently nothing more than a mere gloss upon the authentic documents contained in the Book of Armagh. So far as St. Patrick is concerned, the translation, or, as Mr. Stokes more properly describes it, the "paraphrase for edification" of old John Colgan, published at Louvain in 1647, and the more recent translation of Mr. Hennessey in Miss Cusack's *Life of St. Patrick*, were quite sufficient to demonstrate its unreliability. Nevertheless, as I have said, it is not without its interest for the historian and philologist alike. And in this respect Mr. Stokes's Introduction of nearly two hundred pages leaves little to be desired.

Nor do I think, considering the class of students for whom it is intended, and the glaring inaccuracies of the printed catalogue, that any valid objection can be raised to the lengthy and apparently irrelevant description of all the contents of MS. Rawlinson B 512. But it is a point of more general interest to learn that of the three MSS. used by Colgan, and which he describes as "pervetusta," not one now exists—a fact which, having regard to the considerable lacunae that occur in the MS. of the present text, naturally seems to enhance the value of Colgan's work. In opposition to Colgan, who believed, with excusable credulity, the *Tripartite Life* to have been written by St. Evin, supposed to have flourished in the sixth century, and to Dr. Petrie, who calls it "a compilation of the ninth or tenth century," Mr. Stokes's argument—from an historical and linguistic point of view, that it was compiled in the eleventh century, after the Middle-Irish period had well set in, but from documents many, if not all, of which were composed before A.D. 1000—appears irrefutable. The linguistic argument is evidently one of great merit, and will naturally attract the attention of all students of Old Irish.

In the fifth section of his Introduction Mr. Stokes enters upon a systematic and exhaustive analysis of the documents he has printed in order to discover what light they throw upon the social condition of the early Irish. This, as it appears to me, is the most valuable, as it is the most interesting, portion of his work; though I cannot say that the result adds very much, even in ecclesiastical matters, to our previous knowledge on the subject, while the argument from the *Tripartite Life* to the doctrines professed by St. Patrick strikes me as extremely hazardous. It is clear that the *Tripartite Life* can only be brought in evidence of the opinions held by the writer of it and his contemporaries. To me it appears about as valuable for the doctrines of St. Patrick as the Apocryphal Gospels are for those of Christ. There are one or two points, however, that seem to call for notice. According to Mr. Stokes (p. clix.) the Druids did not in Ireland constitute a hierarchy, or separate class, as they are said to have done in

Gaul and Britain; but were simply a species of wizards, sorcerers, or enchanters. But surely the two brothers, Moel and Caplait, of whom it is said (p. 93) that they "reared Loejaire's two daughters, Ethne, 'the fair,' and Fedelm, 'the ruddy,'" were teachers and instructors of youth, as well as wizards. Indeed, it will be remembered that, in his *Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, Dr. O'Curry lays very great emphasis on this point. Of the curious legal procedure of *troscas*, or fasting, which has long ago been compared to the Indian *dharna*, Mr. Stokes notices that it is mentioned in the documents he publishes three times. First (p. 218), when Patrick fasts against a merciless master to compel him to have compassion upon his slaves. Secondly (p. 418), where Germanus and Patrick fast against a heretical city to compel it to become orthodox. Thirdly (p. 556), where Patrick fasts against the pagan king Loejaire to constrain him to his will. It would be interesting to know whether the following curious incident (pp. 113-121) is not an example of the same method of procedure. The story runs that on Saturday of Whitsuntide an angel came to Patrick and said, "God gives thee not what thou demandest, because it seems to Him excessive and obstinate, and great are the requests." "Is that His pleasure," saith Patrick. "It is," saith the angel. "Then this is my pleasure," saith Patrick, "I will not go from this rick till I am dead, or till all the requests are granted to me." Then, the story proceeds, Patrick abode in Cruachan in much displeasure, without drink, without food, from Shrove Saturday to Easter Saturday. The angel tried to overcome his obstinacy, but Patrick refused to leave the place till he obtained a promise that all his demands should be granted by God. Then said Patrick, "A blessing on the bountiful king, who hath given; and the rick shall now be departed from." The sanction here is evidently suicide by starvation and not fear of the divine displeasure. Many of St. Patrick's miracles recorded in the *Tripartite Life* present a curious resemblance to the familiar aetiological myths of early Roman history. Here, for example, we read (p. 181):

"The Hui Torrorrae stole and ate one of the two goats that used to be carrying water for Patrick, and they went to perjure themselves to Patrick; but the goat bleated out of the bellies of the three who had deceived him. 'My God's doom!' saith Patrick, 'the goat himself announces the place in which he was eaten. From to-day for ever,' saith Patrick, 'goats shall cleave to your children and your race.' Which thing (adds the writer) is still fulfilled."

According to Colgan the descendants of these thieves had always beards "caprinis sub-similes."

The first volume being taken up with the Introduction and *Tripartite Life*, the second is devoted to all those other documents which in any way relate to the life of St. Patrick. All the materials for a biography are thus to hand, with such criticism of them as is necessary to enable the student to appraise them at their right value. It is curious to note how little we really know of Patrick, and how much is mere conjecture. Two pages of Mr. Stokes's Introduction are

sufficient for all the facts about him. Nevertheless, nothing could be farther from the truth than to doubt his existence. Despite the accretion of monkish legend, his personality is unmistakable as a modest, shrewd, generous, enthusiastic missionary, with a Celtic tendency to exaggerate failure and success. Like St. Paul, desirous of martyrdom—a man of strong passions, but of still stronger will.

The present work, with its valuable indexes, especially that of places and tribes, for which every student of Irish history will feel deeply grateful to Mr. Stokes, will naturally supersede those of Dr. Todd and Miss Cusack—despite the length of the addenda and corrigenda lists.

R. DUNLOP.

A Book of Verses. By William Ernest Henley. (David Nutt.)

IF these verses of Mr. Henley are nothing else, they are at least fresh—fresh in expression, fresh also in subject; for even in these days of "impressions" and realism it is not often that we find a poet who sings of sensations mental and physical during a long and weary sojourn in a hospital ward. He cannot be said to teach in song what he has learnt in suffering, because his muse is not didactic; but he has evidently suffered, and he does sing. Even the dullest and most disagreeable experience seems to have a "tune in it" for him, or if not a tune at least a rhythm. He has the gift, even at the most unpromising times, of "dropping into poetry." The swaying of the hospital basket in which he is carried to the operating theatre suggests a measure, and he wakes from chloroform pregnant with a sonnet. The verses which record such experience must be grim; but they are verses having at least this quality of true poetry—they say in verse what could not be said so effectively in prose. From a note at the end of the series of twenty-eight lyrics, entitled "In Hospital," it would seem that his sojourn in this sad hostelry lasted for more than a year—a little life within a life, with its own special stages between entrance and exit—a theme *prima facie* not ill adapted for artistic treatment.

If Mr. Henley's treatment of it is not quite the noblest or the most beautiful which it is possible to conceive, it is powerful, genuine, and manly throughout. It may be shortly described as a series of self-vivisections photographed, mixed with pictures of hospital life from the point of view of an in-patient. His theme is therefore primarily himself, but he looks outside rather than in; and there is little of the invalid in his verses.

He is no professional emotionalist, making poetical capital out of pain, but evidently wrote only for solace in suffering intensified but made less deadly by imagination and sympathy for others. Though sometimes he causes a shudder of revolt against the naked horror of his pictures, and sometimes a smile at the trivial items of a sick man's chronicle, he never exaggerates or wails. Through the Dantesque world of his infirmary the joy of a strong life runs ever like a stream.

It is this which keeps his verses sound. They are vivid, but not morbid. Their vividness is, indeed, their excuse. In the

first sonnet he makes us realise "what it feels like" to enter a hospital with its "loud spaciousness and drafty gloom," and one's spirits fail with his, because

"A tragic meanness seems so to environ
These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
Cold, naked, clean—half workhouse and half jail."

As an introduction to the hospital poems, the sonnet from which these lines are taken is excellent. It strikes the chord of the whole; but perhaps the finest of the sonnets descriptive of personal sensation is the following:

"BEFORE.

"Behold me waiting—waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform,
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.
The gods are good to me: I have no wife,
No innocent child, to think of as I near
The fateful minute; nothing all-too dear
Unmans me for my bout of passive strife,
Yet I am tremulous and a trifle sick,
And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little:
My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you. I am ready.

But, gentlemen my porters, life is brittle:
You carry Caesar and his fortunes—steady."

The operation over, the poems become naturally calmer and more contemplative. In the long months "lived on one's back," there is time to think and observe. The little world of the ward with its doctors, nurses, and patients affords its pictures and its dramas. The life personal is not excluded, for there are restless nights and memories and hopes, but it is no longer paramount. Several of the portraits are excellent. The best, perhaps, are the "Staff Nurse: Old Style," with her "experienced ease and antique liveliness" and

"The sweet old roses of her sunken face,
The depth and malice of her sly gray eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flatters, scolds,
defies,
The thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace."

The "Lady-probationer" with

"A bashful air, becoming everything,
A well-bred silence always at command."

The "Visitor," described in a question,

"Can you conceive a Fairy Godmother,
The subject of a real religious call?"

Such are the pleasant sights of the ward, and there is mirth, too, on New Year's day, when

"Kate the scrubber (forty summers,
Stout, but sportive) treads a measure,
Grinning, in herself a ballet,
Fixed as fate upon her audience.

"Stumps are shaking, crutch supported;
Splinted fingers tap the rhythm;
And a head all helmed with plasters
Wags a measured approbation."

And there are sad sights also of "Casualty" and "Suicide," and two or three beautiful lyrics, including a hymn to Death called "Ave Caesar" and a "Pastoral," which contains lines like these:

"O the brilliance of blossoming orchards,
O the savour and thrill of the woods,
When their leafage is stirred
By the flight of the angel of rain!
Loud lows the steer; in the fallows
Rooks are alert; and the brooks
Gurgle, and tinkle, and trill. Through the
gloaming,
Under the rare, shy stars,
Boy and girl wander,
Dreaming in darkness and dew."

This, and many other of the best poems in the book, are in unrhymed verse, more or less irregular; and in these Mr. Henley shows unusual power of rhythmic phrase, the words following the subtlest and quickest motions of thought and feeling so closely that they seem to have been born together. From Collins he may have learnt much, from Walt Whitman not a little, from Longfellow he got at least the metre of "Hiawatha," which he employs now and again with effect; but few, if any, writers in English have employed unrhymed verse with such variety and success. He has attempted several forms of stanza untried before; and in these, as well as in more irregular verse, his lines carry their own music with them quite independent of rhyme.

This is perhaps the "newest" fact in the book; for some of the Hospital sonnets which were published in the early days of the *Cornhill* have not been entirely forgotten, and his skill in writing rhymed verse of a more complicated kind is still better known. Some of his ballades, rondeaux, and other "French forms" are reprinted in this volume in a section called "Bric-à-Brac," and will hold their own with the best. One, at least, of the ballades, that "On a Toyokuni Colour-Print" has not appeared before, and is quite a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind; and of the rondeaux there is one, at least, that is also new and perfect. It deserves quoting, if only to show that this form may rival the sonnet for the expression of serious emotion:

"What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to
show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered
even so.

"Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—
Dear, though it spoil and break us!—need we care
What is to come?"

"Let the great winds their worst and wildest
blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow,
What is to come."

It is also worth quoting because it expresses in the finest manner what is most noble in the writer's philosophy. It is for the most part a very simple philosophy, deeply impressed with the solemn mystery of life, but in default of a solution, taking for its maxims "Carpe Diem" and "Nil Desperandum," yet it is brave and strong enough to send a breath of life throughout the volume. It is more especially the burthen of that section of it not yet mentioned, which is called "Life and Death"—a section which, if not so striking as the "Hospital" poems, or so ingenious as the "Bric-à-Brac," has more of the true lyric note than either, for the poet's voice is neither strained by sickness nor fettered by artifice. It would take many extracts to do justice to the variety of thought and music contained in these forty-two songs. One of the most beautiful is the twenty-seventh—an invitation to an old friend to go "a-maying." The next is a charming allegory of life, dedicated, to judge from initials, to another old friend and collaborateur; but most of them are love songs, warm,

and throbbing from the heart. With one of these let us conclude :

"The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a box-wood flute,
But I love him the best of all.

"For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we, in the mad spring weather,
We, too, have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together."

The blackbird's note is, perhaps, the least common of all in modern poetry, and it is not the least charm of Mr. Henley's volume that he lets us hear it again.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Ninth Edition. Vol. XXIII. Article "Temple." By W. Robertson Smith, LL.D. (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.)

In this monograph, which is almost exclusively concerned with the temples erected at Jerusalem by Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod in succession, Dr. Smith has supplemented the article contributed by him to a former volume on the ancient topography of the Holy City. As in the latter he vindicated with masterly power the limitation of the metropolis of David to the eastern hill, so now he has, as it seems to me, with equal ability, justified his preference for the measurements assigned by Josephus to the temple, over the exaggerations of the Talmud.

With the exception of Ferguson, Lewin, and Sandie, I doubt if there is one of the numerous writers on this subject before himself who has not, with a strange persistence, preferred to adopt the curious theory that the Jewish historian—of all writers specially prone to exaggeration, especially in what concerned the credit of his own people, and the magnitude of the efforts of their Roman foes—should yet, in a matter which concerned the chief architectural ornament and principal fortress of the capital, have grossly, and over and over again, underestimated its dimensions. Four times over he tells us that it comprised a square of 400 cubits or 600 feet; and he was speaking of what he had seen with his own eyes. Yet it has become the fashion to accept the measurements of the Mishna, at least three hundred years later than his day, against these repeated asseverations, and to take the square as one of 500 cubits, or 750 feet, with the result that the whole width of the eastern hill is required for the location, and that from the area so occupied it is impossible to exclude the site of the Dome of the Rock.

It is not difficult to see how the original error arose. It was long ago pointed out by Ferguson. In the prophetic sketch of the temple given in chaps. xl.-xliii. of Ezekiel there is nothing to clash with the dimensions of Josephus until reference is made, in chap. xlii., to the measuring of the sides by a measuring "reed," which would necessitate the enlargement of the area to a square, not of 500 or 750 ft., but of no less than 4500 ft. It is clear that the prophet is here referring to the area not of the temple itself, but of the sacred enclosure in which it and its courts were in prophetic vision seen to stand, and which is the first of the prophetic divisions of the Land of Israel referred to in chap. xlv. In

the Septuagint, however, we find "cubits" substituted for "reeds," and to the dimensions thus brought out the Talmudists seem to have felt bound to accommodate themselves. It landed them in a curious dilemma. Their internal arrangements exactly corresponded in all other respects with the measurements of Josephus; but, after using up the whole inner area, they found they had a large surplus of 100 cubits remaining, and "not knowing what better to do with them, put them into the court of the women" (Ferguson's *Temples of the Jews*, p. 64), with the result of making it nearly twelve times as broad as that of the men of Israel.

Adopting, then, the area of Josephus, Dr. Smith proceeds to justify the location of that area in the south-western corner of the present Haran. His arguments, to my mind, are irresistible; but their effect to the casual reader must be a good deal weakened by the unfortunate insertion of a diagram on which are reproduced the wholly imaginary contour lines which have obtained currency on the plans of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and to which I have had more than once before to direct the attention of the readers of this journal (*ACADEMY*, January 8, 1881, and October 25, 1884). It is true that in a note it is added that many of these lines "are almost purely conjectural," but the effect produced by them on the eye is much to be deprecated.

In the short note on the topography of the wall and gates of Nehemiah, which concludes the article, it is to be regretted that Dr. Smith has not dealt more at large with the area intervening between the eastern wall of the temple and the present line of the eastern wall of the Haran. He indicates indeed by a dotted line in his plan the limits within which he conceives this may have in early times been occupied by the palace of Solomon; but its occupancy in the days of Herod, and its relation to the wall of Ophel discovered by Sir Charles Warren form two of the great problems of the location still to be solved.

ALEX. B. McGRIGOR.

Reynell Taylor: a Biography. By E. Gambier Parry. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Who was Reynell Taylor? the incurious reader may, perhaps, ask, and be not wholly satisfied by the answer that he was another Indian hero. For we have been somewhat overdone with heroes—weaklings that we are—and India is always a weariness. Be this as it may, the Punjab Puritans were a set of very real people in their day; and it is good for us to be occasionally reminded of their doings. Even if Longfellow may have gone too far, and it be not quite true that we can all make our lives sublime, it cannot in any case do us harm to know that a number of British and Irish gentlemen lived such lives not many years ago. Here is the testimony of their Arthur to the merits of this modern Round Table.

"I was very fortunate," wrote Henry Lawrence, "in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost everyone was introduced to the Punjab through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbott, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pol-

lock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melville, are men such as you will seldom see anywhere."

Other names will be easily added by those mindful of the time.

Reynell Taylor, the subject of Mr. Parry's volume, was a perfect type of such a class. Tall, strong, handsome, a good rider and consummate swordsman, a rigid Evangelical, an active and intelligent administrator, with a revolver in his right hand and a religious tract in his left—so he appeared in the stony places of the frontier, pushing back barbarism and upholding his country's cause. Mr. Parry's book, modest and conscientious as it is, does not, perhaps, give the full measure of the man. Taylor was not an egotist. The diaries and despatches by which some men—especially in India—achieve greatness are not largely available to this biographer. Such distinction as he won was due to an unceasing and unostentatious performance of whatever duty was devolved upon him by the course of his employment, and by the habits of self-sacrifice engendered by that discipline. Born in 1822, the son of a cavalry officer singularly accomplished and devout, he was educated at home, deriving his qualities alike from inheritance, from instruction, and from example. In 1840 he obtained a "direct cadetship" for the Bengal Cavalry; and sailed for Calcutta, early in that eventful year, while the Afghan war hung in the balance.

His person is thus described, in words supplied by one of his brothers. He was

"a remarkably good-looking boy, with bright complexion, and wavy brown hair. He was not quite six feet in height then, but he subsequently attained that height. He was strong and muscular, but with a light and active figure; good at all outdoor exercises, . . . and in every way calculated to make a good soldier."

His regiment was the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, but he had not had an opportunity to join when it was disbanded for misbehaviour in Afghanistan. In 1842 it was reformed as the 11th. Taylor joined it at Cawnpore; and the earlier part of his service passed in learning drill, in studying Hindustani, and in the sports and amusements of a young Indian officer. In 1843 the 11th took part in the Gwalior campaign, and was engaged, though not very deeply, at Maharajpur. At the end of that brisk little war Taylor was selected for the adjutancy of the governor-general's body-guard. In connexion with that corps he next made the campaign of the Satlaj—1845-6, and acquired both wounds and glory. As a reward for this service he was appointed assistant to the political agent at Ajmere, the (locally) distinguished Col. Dixon, to whose work on Merwara he contributed some assistance. In January 1847 he received an offer of employment at Lahore, and soon afterwards entered upon what was to be the field of his exertions for the next thirty years—the remaining portion of his public life.

These years were those of the annexation and formation of that province which, after shaking the empire to its base, became its chief source of moral and physical stability. At Banu, Kangra, and elsewhere, Taylor combined with the ordinary work of a sub-prefect a considerable amount of dangerous and important military service. As commissioner of the Derajat—the long group of

wild districts on the Sulaiman slope—he continued the same combination in a position of still greater authority and responsibility. He also, at great expense to himself, established a branch of the Church Missionary Society (which now, it seems, boasts fifty-nine baptised members) and obtained the distinction of C.B. Transferred to Peshawar, in the like capacity, he accompanied the force sent to put down the fanatics of the Black Mountain, and took part in the dramatic destruction of the fastness of Malka-Sitana. After a short furlough in England, Taylor returned to the Punjab, and obtained the pleasant post of Commissioner (Prefect) of the Ambala Division. Less expert in the arts of peace than in those of war, he passed a troubled time at Ambala, and was finally transferred to the neighbouring Commissionership of Amritsar. While here he had the honour and gratification to receive from Lord Northbrook the offer of political employment as resident at the court of Sindhia, Maharaja of Gwalior, which offer, however, he elected to decline. Early in 1877 he retired; but, before leaving the Punjab, he was entertained at Lahore, where a public banquet was given in his honour, and many of his old friends assembled round him for the last time. On returning to England he settled in Devonshire, the shire of his family; and he died, somewhat suddenly, on February 28, 1886. Copious testimony to his modesty, chivalry, and Christian sincerity, was borne by Sir Robert Montgomery in the *Times* newspaper; and his fellow-parishioners recorded their sense of his devotion and distinction on a brass tablet in Wolborough Church. Other memorial brasses, in India and in another Devonshire place of worship, bear a long inscription from the pen of Gen. R. Maclagan, in which the story of his life is admirably epitomised.

Of the religiosity—somewhat aggressive and fanatical—which Taylor shared with Edwardes and other of his colleagues, this is not the place to speak. The careers of an earlier race of Anglo-Indians—Wellesley, Elphinstone, Metcalfe, &c.—are enough to show that men could be brave, devoted, and successful without this element of character. In other respects the evangelising zeal of the Punjab Puritans has produced but small results. Like Mr. Greatheart, of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, they were more distinguished for quelling giants and slaying wild beasts than for paving the Valley of Humiliation or lighting the Shadow of Death. But their countrymen should not soon forget their great services and their noble lives.

H. G. KEENE.

NEW NOVELS.

The Rebel Rose. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Peccavi. By Emily F. D. Osborn. (Sonnen-schein.)

Robert Holt's Illusion. By Mary Linskill. (Ward & Downey.)

The Lassies of Leverhouse. By Jessie Fothergill. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Sunny Fields and Shady Woods. By Madame de Gasparin. (Sampson Low.)

The Argonauts of North Liberty. By Bret Harte. (Spencer Blackett.)

First and Last. By Ella James. (London Literary Society.)

Tin. By Edward Bosanketh. (Fisher Unwin.)

PERHAPS the most surprising thing in contemporary literature is the political novel. Who reads it? To the "young person"—who is commonly supposed to be responsible for the mental consumption of two-thirds of three-volume fiction—it must be as Hebrew. To the lover of sensation and manifold incident it must be as caviare. To the ordinary male, who every morning religiously reads his "leader" and "political summary," it must be as unappetising as the proverbial cold mutton. As for the reviewer—it is to him as the Dead Sea Apple—almost, if not quite, as fearsome as its Irish rival with its two-thirds of Home-Rule padding. Perhaps the dreariest fate that could overtake the lover of literature would be confinement to a south-coast watering-place out of the season, with nothing to read but reports of electioneering intrigue and lobby gossip involved in a hotch-potch of fictitious narrative. It is, therefore, to the credit of *The Rebel Rose* that it is by no means a wearisome novel, although it deals with parliamentary details to a disastrous extent. The heroine, who is very nearly an original creation—who just falls short thereof, indeed, by an indeterminate yet distinct lack of the final vivifying touches—is a charming young woman whose specialty is her claim to wealth and honour through her descent from the royal Stuarts. She is, in a word, the representative of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is theoretically a claimant to the throne of her ancestors. This remarkable young woman—a cross between a lady-horsebreaker and Queen Mary, as she is described by a disinterested spectator in the opening sentence of the story—appears in the House of Commons in a long stiff bodice with a sort of modern adaptation of the old-fashioned stomacher; with rosary and cross hanging from her girdle; with bonnet peaked in front and edged with large jet beads, with full lace ruffle—"all harmonising with a face startlingly Stuart in outline." This modern representative of the White Queen, the Hon. Mary Stuart Beaton, as she is called, has for guardian and chaperon an elderly Anglo-Austrian officer, General Falcon, who always addresses her as Madame, and deferentially treats her in all respects as a princess. The only attempt at tragedy, unless it be the dramatic death from apoplexy of Lord Saxon at an awkward moment for Lady Saxon and "the liberal leader," is afforded near the close of the third volume, when General Falcon practically abducts Miss Beaton and endeavours to force his witless love upon her. The plot is a very poor one, and the whole story is a mixture of absurdity dished up with stale political sauce. In the end the Rebel Rose very sensibly discards her royal assumptions and marries Lord Rand—I mean, Mr. Bellarmin, the fiery young Tory Democrat. The political personages are very thinly disguised: Sir Victor Champion, the Liberal leader; Lord Saxon, his Whig lieutenant; the Tory leader, the Marquis of Bosforth; Sir Rowland Chase; Lord de Carmel, the late Conservative chief; and so forth. There is something theatrical, unreal,

about the whole story. Not that such a personage as the "Rebel Rose" is impossible, or that social intrigues do not play an important part in the minor phases of parliamentary life; but, after all, the House of Commons is not a mere assemblage of noodles with a sprinkling of scheming duchesses, countesses, and leaders of parties. The *Rebel Rose* may be recommended to the unsophisticated country cousin, who, after perusal of it as a story, will preserve it as an excellent guide to the "House."

If the title of Miss Osborn's novel might be taken as a personal confession in connexion with her authorship, the critic could benignly reply, "Well, well, let bygones be bygones—but don't do it again." It is not Miss Osborn, however, who cries *peccavi*, but a headstrong young woman named Milly Devereux, who, after jilting a wealthy lover in the person of Mr. Tomkinson, comes to grief with a *roué*-husband named Dering. The main interest of the story is centred in the struggles of Charlie Devereux and his wife Ruth after they have been cast adrift by the rich, but miserly and cross-grained, old uncle, John Falconer. The story recalls a kind of novel which has long ceased to be the vogue; but mere oldfashionedness would not matter if there were originality of plot, vigour of narration, and pleasing style. Unfortunately none of these essentials is fulfilled. There is not an interesting leading character in the book. Ruth is an amiable creature; but the "hero," her husband, is an incapable fool, and supremely selfish. The miserly uncle is, of course, stock property. On the whole, I fear that *Peccavi* is as little likely to make its author famous as *Fetters of Gold* to reinstate the broken fortunes of Captain Charles Devereux, late of the —th Hussars, and for a time producer of "light literature."

Miss Linskill's writing has always a charm about it. She has lived so long by the north-country shores, whose life she describes so well, that the salt breath of the sea and the fresh moorland wind breathe through and animate her pleasant tales. Her faculty of description, indeed, is perhaps surpassed by none, mainly because she does not describe, but suggest. Here, for instance, is all that is necessary for a mental picture of Stonebeck Gill. Not a word is wasted; every epithet is not only apt, but the most apt.

"Presently, by a turfy track leading down from the moor, he comes to a kind of ravine. A noisy sienna-coloured beck runs over the stones that lie at the bottom of it; rugged scaurs, grey and yellow and red, rise up on either hand; stunted trees and whin-bushes fringe the top; a few hazel-trees grow near the water; there is abundant bracken; and here and there a purple foxglove, here and there a patch of spreading coltsfoot."

Again, the effect of such a passage as the following, introduced incidentally, and not by way of descriptive padding, is unmistakable:

"Behind the long black rocks day was coming up out of the sea; grey, ghostly sails were moving slowly against the horizon; there was a splash of wavelets on the beach; a solitary sea-gull hovered on the edge of the cliff...."

In the delineation of certain types—strong, simple natures, of either sex—Miss Linskill is also more than ordinarily excellent. The

fault of her writings is a frequent tendency to make her humble personages dress and talk in an impossible fashion—indeed, solecisms of this kind are a distinct characteristic of Miss Linskill's fiction. Sometimes these solecisms are so oddly introduced that one is inclined to wonder if the author finds the usual run of coast-folk so unfitted for romantic treatment that she has perforce to "brighten them up." The volume under criticism consists of three tales: one of considerable length, called "Godwyn"; "Robert Holt's Illusion"; and a short tragic idyll—if the conjunction be permissible—entitled "Raith Wyke." The first is a somewhat dull, though well-written, story. In the second, Miss Linskill has in Robert Holt and Hester Shepherd characters after her own heart—the woman of infinite love and forgiveness, the man of wayward impulse and strong passions, but loyal and even noble at bottom. It is one of the author's best tales. In "Raith Wyke" the "pity of it" will bring tears to the eyes of a sympathetic reader; but the pathos is genuine, there is no malingering, as in so many stories of the kind. None of the tales is new; and the last, if I mistake not, appeared so far back as thirteen years ago.

Miss Fothergill's new book is also a reprint of old matter, but the result is less agreeable than in the case of Miss Linskill. The author of those charming novels, *The First Violin* and *Probation*, could hardly do otherwise than write well and pleasantly; but *The Lassies of Leverhouse* is—well, the author should have been content with its serial appearance in the *Bolton Journal*. Not that the story is an unworthy one; the objection is that it is simply much below the literary level of the books wherewith Miss Fothergill has made her deservedly high reputation. The Howarths, the lassies of Leverhouse, are a pleasant family; and it is something to be thankful for to have associated for an hour or two with real people, even though the narrative of their sins, follies, and virtues be as uneventful and unexciting as a day's roach-fishing in a midland stream.

It is now many years ago since the Comtesse Agénor de Gasparin—or M^{me}. de Gasparin, as she is known to the world of readers—first obtained a widely extended English audience by her *Near and Heavenly Horizons*. It is strange that her most charming book, *Dans les Prés et sous les Bois*, has so long remained untranslated. Probably the fact is due to the circumstance that most of the contents of that volume appeared separately in magazines and journals. Although the emotion is occasionally merely sentimental—to use the word in its common acceptation—it is in the main as genuine as it is gracious in expression. Ten episodes make up the volume, every one of them well worth reading. The ardent religious spirit which dominates the book is so free from anything sectarian, or narrow, or offensive, that none save a bigot could resent its continual intrusion. M^{me}. de Gasparin may best be described as an impulsively fervent evangelical Richard Jefferies. She has the same keen love of nature and thorough understanding of the life of the fields and the woods, and, if too diffuse, has a rare faculty for exquisite description. "Mar-

jolaine," "The Slippers of Venus," and "Serinette," are beautiful little *contes*, and in "Our Great Grandfathers" a deeper note is touched than is usual with this author. The translation might have been considerably better. It is faulty in parts and inadequate in others; but neither for the English rendering nor for the title is the author—as she has already assured readers of the ACADEMY—responsible.

In *The Argonauts of North Liberty* Mr. Bret Harte has broken new ground. His narrative is primarily the story of a Puritan girl belonging to a wretched little Presbyterian community in Connecticut—a prim, prude-like "daughter of grace," but with the dormant passions of a Lucrezia Borgia and the readiness to abandonment of a *Lais*. Whether such a character as that of Joan, in such an environment, and in the circumstances described by the author, be possible is a matter of extreme doubt. That Mr. Bret Harte, however, has made a thrilling romance out of the impassioned wantonness of the prim daughter of Deacon Salisbury is beyond question. Her first husband, Blandford, strikes me as a somewhat shadowy creature; but Dick Demorest, the lover with whom she had such fantastic antenuptial dalliance, is real flesh and blood. It is one of the author's best stories, and, to my mind, is none the worse for the fact that there is so complete a change of characters and scene.

If there be any amusement derivable from *First and Last* it must be on account of its extraordinary style and its innumerable solecisms. I doubt if there be a single correctly written page in the volume; there is certainly not a well-written one. The story itself is foolish and sentimental to the last degree; and if it were not that the author is manifestly very young, or, at any rate, very inexperienced, the best advice that could be given would be for Miss Ella James to discontinue a profitless pursuit. But crudeness of thought and style can be outgrown, so perhaps some day Miss James may write a readable book. When she begins it, may it be with the determination to limit herself to, say, one-hundredth of the French and Latin phrases and words wherewith she sprinkles the pages of *First and Last*! To find one's way through ever-recurrent confusion of the tenses, I may add, is a more laborious and disheartening task than to perceive the clue in the most complicated of mazes.

Tin is a story of the Cornish mines. It is indifferently written, and can, I should think, have none other than a local interest.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

The Creator and what we may know of the Method of Creation. The Fernley Lecture of 1887. By W. H. Dallinger. (Woolmer.) Mr. Grant Allen, in one of his clever little stories, describes the mental agony experienced by a pious naturalist when he comes across a fossil which bears convincing testimony to the truth of the evolution theory. It seems to him that in presence of this fearful fact all his previous moral and religious beliefs must go by the board; and he goes home to his wife in a truly pitiable condition, whence he is gradually rescued in part by her good sense. Dr.

Dallinger is, like the Prof. Mulliter of the story, at once a biological specialist and a minister of religion; but there is no appearance of his ever having been troubled by the same dilemma. At once a fervent Theist and a thoroughgoing evolutionist of the Darwinian school, the development of species through the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is the "method of creation" hinted at in the title of his lecture; and in a passage more remarkable for good logic than for good grammar (pp. 77, 78), he maintains that the origin of man offers no exception to the general rule. So clear an expression of adhesion to the new doctrine has great importance, coming as it does from one whose scientific competence and religious orthodoxy are equally above suspicion; and it will, let us hope, carry due weight with those to whom it is principally addressed. But no work with the microscope, however patient and successful, will supply the place of philosophical training; and that Dr. Dallinger does not possess such a training, that he cannot walk without stumbling on the slippery paths of metaphysical reasoning, nearly every page of his lecture too painfully shows. At the very outset we find it asserted that "because we can act and produce phenomena, we infer that all phenomena were inevitably produced by some transcendent but equivalent act of conscious power." Passing over the complete illegitimacy of such a generalisation, the underlying assumption may fairly be construed as equivalent to an acknowledgment of human free-will. But subsequently (p. 58) Dr. Dallinger speaks favourably of the hypothesis according to which miracles are the result of natural laws so arranged from the beginning as to bring about an apparent break in the order of nature at a particular moment. Now to provide for such an occurrence all the human actions antecedently connected with it must have been accurately foreseen by the Creator—a supposition absolutely incompatible with that free-will which gives us the primary assurance of his own existence. Pursuing the subject of causation, we soon light on the expression "an infinite cause," which is a *contradictio in adjecto*, since any cause *plus* its effect must be greater than the cause alone. In other words that which existed before the creation of the world could not have been infinite, since it was capable of increase. Again citations are multiplied to show that in the opinion of good authorities there can be no causal action between mind and matter (or motion); and the antithesis between them is pressed home to the great discomfiture of materialism, while it is assumed throughout that organic adaptation is an evidence of the action of mind on matter. Finally, it appears that "a 'mind' that is not a mind in any sense as [*sic*] we know it, is, to us, nothing" (p. 74); and that "mind is inseparably associated with neural matter" (p. 82); whence the obvious inference seems to be that the Creator has a brain. But who designed that brain? After all, it would be more interesting to know what in Dr. Dallinger's opinion is the bearing of the new scientific ideas on the more specific doctrines of orthodox Christianity; what, for example, he would say about a work issued under the auspices of his own religious body, the Rev. J. Fletcher's *Rational Demonstration of Man's Corrupt and Lost Estate*, as illustrated by Darwin's *Descent of Man*.

The Ethical Import of Darwinism. By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. (Williams & Norgate.) So far as one can judge from this little volume, the author is a clear-headed, well-read, and conscientious scholar, rather than an original or penetrative thinker. The book is dedicated to Dr. Martineau; and, coming from an old pupil of that theologian, it

starts from a position rather hostile to Darwinism. In the historical sketch there is, perhaps, a tendency unduly to minimise Darwin's special contribution to the theory of evolution, and to magnify proportionately that of his predecessors. It is misleading to say that, "if our agnostic scientists reject the theology of Aristotle, they will give him credit at least for his idea of cosmic development of a world subject to evolution" (p. 48).

Who would suppose from reading this that Aristotle believed in the eternity and immutability of organic species, that he resolutely put his foot on the evolutionist hypotheses of his predecessors? The often-repeated, but sufficiently unmeaning, assertion that Darwin was anticipated by Empedocles, naturally meets us again in these pages. The notion that the different parts of the organism, such as the head, arms, legs, &c., were separately formed by spontaneous generation, and afterwards coalesced into a complete animal, seems sufficiently unlike the notion that they were formed by differentiation from a homogeneous lump of protoplasm. On this subject, Prof. Schurman should study the excellent paper, reprinted by Ed. Zeller, in the third series of his *Vorträge u. Abhandlungen*. With regard to the more immediate subject of his treatise, our author holds that Darwinism really favours one ethical theory no more than another; but, finding that it is (although, in his opinion, accidentally) associated with the cause of utilitarianism, he devotes a whole chapter to a sharp attack on that doctrine, which would carry more weight were it not considerably weakened by the admissions with which the volume concludes. Darwin's own speculations as to the genesis of morals may safely be abandoned to the tender mercies of his critic. The attempt to derive moral distinctions from the habits and instincts of animals was an enterprise foredoomed to failure, because moral conduct can only be conceived as conscious obedience to law, in other words, as a rational act; so that its origin and growth can only be studied in connexion with the origin and growth of reason as a whole. Nevertheless, the Darwinian theory exercises a certain regulative and limiting function in relation to ethical theories. It proves that no standard of conduct can be permanently upheld the observance of which does not further the vital interests of humanity, and those alone—the preservation and propagation of our race in the only world that we know. This is why it has been welcomed by utilitarians as a natural ally. Prof. Schurman's last chapter, although the most interesting of the work, is but loosely connected with his main subject. It deals with the history of the family; and, while rebutting the theory that promiscuous intercourse was a necessary or universal phase in the evolution of the sexual relations, it brings facts to show that chastity was and is a virtue absolutely unknown to certain tribes. Our author fully admits that the virtue in question cannot be intuitively recognised as such, but clings to the notion that morality must have an intuitional foundation of some kind. It is, in his opinion, the business of history and observation to ascertain "the number and the nature of the primitive and universal moral intuitions" (p. 256). The enterprise seems a tolerably hopeless one; and the result, so far, is more favourable to Prof. Schurman's opponents than to his allies.

Miscellanies, Vol. II. Essays, Tracts, or Addresses, Moral and Religious. By F. W. Newman. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The papers collected in this volume extend over a period of forty-five years, the earliest being dated 1841, and the latest 1886; but by far the greater number were written between 1858 and 1878. Prof. Newman fears that they will not

be much read by the English public of the present day; and there are good grounds for his apprehension. Such a prognostic implies no disrespect either for the author or for the public. A generation ago, Prof. Newman had a great work to do, which was the emancipation of England from the evangelical theology; and he did it so effectually as to make himself superfluous. An anecdote told in this volume will well illustrate what is meant:

"I was certainly startled when confronted (perhaps for the first time in my life) with a thorough-going Calvinist—an old clergyman of the Anglican Church. The moment I was in his company he came up to me abruptly and said: 'Mr. N.! I have a question to put to you. If you were God, what would you do?' I was so taken by surprise that I merely replied: 'The hypothesis is so strange that I know not what to answer.' In another moment I should have said that I needed Divine wisdom to predict Divine action; but before I could get this out, he resumed the discourse himself, thus: 'Oh, nothing is easier. The answer is on the surface. If you were God you would seek your own glory'" (p. 367).

It is largely due to the labours of Prof. Newman that nobody in the present day would even dream of such an answer as the old clergyman's. So violently, indeed, has the tide of rationalism swept along that at the present moment Prof. Newman seems to find himself more in sympathy with his orthodox opponents than with those who have pressed his own principles to what they thought their logical conclusion. But, in fact, his own creed is such as to isolate him from all parties alike. A fervent and even fanatical Theist, without any faith in human immortality, his true place is to be found among the old Stoics, whose thorough-going optimism he also shares—an optimism which, perhaps, has for its necessary foundation the vigorous and inexhaustible vitality of this octogenarian sage. Apart from other interests, these essays would well deserve to be studied for the sake of their style; only, as Warrington says, "the people in this country don't understand what style is." Least of all can they appreciate a style the principal charm of which lies in the absence of all effort and pretence, in the perfect clearness, sincerity, and seriousness of thought that it expresses. One paper, the "Reply to a Letter from an Evangelical Lay-Precacher," shows still higher qualities than these, and deserves to rank with Spinoza's great epistle to Albert Burgh, as a model of austere and scathing intellectual eloquence.

Ethical Forecasts: Essays. By William F. Revell. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) These "forecasts" consist of four agreeably written essays. The first insists on the necessity of testing the teaching of religion as we test the teaching of science; the second discusses the probable nature of the religion of the future; the third deals with "causation in morals," and the last with "the safeguards of morality." The essays are thoughtful and easily read—perhaps, considering the difficulty of the questions they discuss, too easily read. We are instinctively suspicious of the philosopher whose reasonings require no particular effort for their comprehension. In his discussion of religion, Mr. Revell ignores the point that many minds will deny that he treats of religion at all. They will object that religion, if, indeed, there be such a thing, is given as well as sought for; and that any discussion of it which ignores this is futile. Religion is primarily a faith or belief about what is unseen. It is either this or nothing; and only confusion is produced when the fact is not recognised. We sympathise on the whole with Mr. Revell's attack on Prof. Drummond; but, when he accuses Prof. Drummond of "leaving the spiritual world in the region of hypothesis," we think that, like Prof. Drummond, he misunderstands the spiritual

world; for the present it must be "in the region of hypothesis." The essay on "Causation in Morals" refuses to consider the question whether causation in the physical world is a reality. "With causation would also go invariability of sequence itself, since an invariable sequence means a sequence that cannot be varied, and not simply an unvarying sequence." But Mr. Revell cannot prove the last half of this statement. We can see no reason why "an unvarying sequence" must be "a sequence that cannot be varied." At the same time we agree with Mr. Revell's declaration, "Do what I will, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that causation is a veritable fact, and means more than succession and contiguity and sequence." But if causation must rest on such an irresistible conviction, why not moral responsibility also?

Faith and Conduct. An Essay on Verifiable Religion. (Macmillan.) The anonymous author of this work describes himself as "a lay member of the English Church." It may be briefly described as a defence of what used to be called "natural religion," and covers much the same ground as Dr. Martineau's recent work on that subject. It is unfortunate for one who is by his own admission an amateur in philosophy that his treatise should appear almost simultaneously with that of the veteran theologian. The latter is an amusing book to read, whatever we may think of its arguments, whereas the "layman's" volume, though written in a clear, crisp, epigrammatic style, is somewhat dull, and will certainly convince nobody who is not already convinced. The leading motif may be described as an attempt to reclaim and utilise for the traditional theology Mr. Matthew Arnold's celebrated definition of God—"The Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." According to this author the moral law can only be understood as a direct revelation of God to the human conscience; and the inward happiness that accompanies its fulfilment points to a similar supernatural interposition. He knows that there are ethical theories professing to explain moral phenomena by purely natural causes; but he seems to be very imperfectly acquainted with their contents, and dismisses them after a very perfunctory examination. His own answer to the question—"How can we know what is right?" (p. 59) is singularly weak and evasive. When we ask for bread he does not even give us a stone, but a pinch of dust. As to the contention that right conduct gives happiness, it is virtually retracted in the chapter on "The Future Life," where he argues quite in the traditional style that, as many good people die in misery, there must be some compensation for them hereafter. This is not "verifiable religion," whatever else it may be. The argument that belief in God is necessary as a "practical postulate" of morality has been before the world for a hundred years, and has gained no ground in that time. *Faith and Conduct* will not increase its chances of success.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the second series of *Essays in Criticism*, by the late Matthew Arnold, which is announced by Messrs. Macmillan, will consist entirely of literary papers that have already appeared in magazines. The selection was made by the author himself last January.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S biography of Principal Tulloch will not be published, as has been stated, within a few days. It will not appear, we hear, before October, if even then.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO. announce for immediate publication, *Authority*:

a Plain Reason for joining the Church of Rome, by Luke Rivington. It is understood to contain an exposition of his own reason for leaving the English Church, and also to deal with Canon Carter's new book on "The Roman Question."

A SECOND series of Carlyle's Letters, edited by Prof. C. E. Norton, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, in two volumes. The period covered is from 1826 to 1835.

MESSRS. FIELD & TIER, of the Leadenhall Press, the original publishers of Mr. Eric Mackay's *Love Letters by a Violinist*, are about to issue a new volume of poems by the same author.

THE next volume in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" will be *Henry II.*, written by Mrs. J. R. Green.

Contemporary Medical Men, edited by Mr. John Leyland, with many portraits, will shortly be published at the office of the *Provincial Medical Journal*, Leicester.

THE Royal Academy of History of Madrid has undertaken the publication of the recently discovered palimpsest of the *Lex Romana Wisigothorum*. Facsimiles will be given of the MS., and its deficiencies supplied from the edition of Haenel. The general editors are Fernandez-Guerra, Cárdenas, and Fita, with J. Muñoz to assist in palaeographical difficulties.

THE council of the Society of Arts have awarded a silver medal to Sir William Wilson Hunter for his paper on "The Religions of India," which attracted so much attention when read before the society in February of this year.

THE seventy-eighth annual meeting of the Swedenborg Society was held on Tuesday, June 19. The committee's report states that 2854 volumes of the society's publications have been delivered during the year, of which 35 were in Welsh, 27 in Latin, 5 in French, 1 in Polish, and 3 in German. Seven hundred volumes have been presented to free libraries and other institutions, to clergymen and others. The first volume of the Swedenborg Concordance, by the Rev. J. F. Potts, has been completed. In Italy a work is in preparation on Swedenborg, "biographical, expository of his doctrines, and critical." A friend to the society, residing in St. Petersburg, has received copies of the Life of Swedenborg, and of the Chapter on the Ten Commandments from the True Christian Religion, both in Russian, which he is distributing.

THE following is the text of the operative section of the American bill on international copyright, as passed by the Senate and now before the House of Representatives:

"No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, before publication in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a printed copy of the title of the book or other article, or a description of the painting, drawing, statue, statuery, or a model or design for a work of the fine arts, for which he desires a copyright, nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of the publication thereof in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, two copies of such copyright book or other article, printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or in case of a painting, drawing, statue, statuery, model, or design for a work of the fine arts, a photograph of the same. During the existence of such copyright the importation into the United States of any book or other article so copyrighted shall be, and

it hereby is prohibited, except in the cases specified in section twenty-five hundred and five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and except in the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import not more than two copies at any one time, in each of which cases the written consent of the proprietor of the copyright, signed in the presence of two witnesses, shall be furnished with each importation. All officers of customs and postmasters are hereby required to seize and destroy all copies of such prohibited articles as shall be entered at the custom house or otherwise brought into the United States, or transmitted to the mails of the United States. In the case of books in foreign languages, of which only translations in English are copyrighted, the prohibition of importation shall apply only to the translation of the same, and the importation of the books in the original language shall be permitted."

We hear that, though a majority of the House have expressed a favourable opinion of the bill, there is little hope that it will be taken up out of its order. It is expected, however, that it will be passed in the December session, after the presidential election has been determined.

Correction.—Sir Richard F. Burton writes to correct a slip in his review of Graham and Ashbee's *Travels in Tunisia*, published in the ACADEMY of last week. The Egyptian bibliography there referred to (p. 406, col. 1, l. 41) is, of course, that compiled by H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy, of which, by the way, the second and concluding volume has been issued this week by Messrs. Trübner.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S new story, dealing with literary life in London, will be begun in the July number of the *Universal Review*.

THE *Reliquary* for July will contain: "Armorial Ledger Stones, Holy Trinity, Hull" (illustrated), by D. A. J. Walter; "Pedigrees from the Plea Rolls," by Gen. the Hon. G. Wrottesley; "Two Mediaeval Chalcies" (illustrated), by T. M. Fallow; "Notes on the Great Fire of London," by J. E. Price; "The Norman Porches of Yorkshire—Brayton" (illustrated), by J. Romilly Allen; "Recent Discoveries at Jerusalem," by the Rev. J. Hurt; "The Blackfriars of Norwich," by the Rev. C. F. R. Palmer; and "The Retreat of 1745" (illustrated by plans), by Chancellor Ferguson.

THE *Century* for July will contain: "Pasture and his Granddaughter," from a painting by Bonnet; "Lichfield Cathedral," illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "The Steppes of the Irish," by George Kennan; "The Career of the Confederate Ram *Albatross*," by D. Buckley; and "Sinai and the Wilderness," by E. L. Wilson.

Scribner's for July will contain an article by Prof. T. D. Seymour, of Yale, on "Life and Travel in Modern Greece," illustrated by Mr. Frank Millet. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's paper in this number is entitled "Popular Authors."

Time for July will contain: "Actresses as Actors," by Mr. Schütz Wilson; "Diplomacy," by a Secretary of Legation; "French Journalism before the Empire," by Tetta Blaze de Bury; "Immortality," by Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews; "That Dreadful Season," by Norman Pearson; together with papers on "Potsdam" (illustrated), the "Trouble with Tibet," "Labour Representation," &c.

Two new serial stories will be commenced in the July number of *Little Folks*—the one, entitled "Little Oddity," by the author of "Little Empress Joan," &c.; the other, "King Penguin Land," by Theo. Gift. Both these stories will be illustrated—the former by M. E. Edwards, the latter by J. Finnemore.

EARLY in July Messrs. Roper & Drowley will commence to publish a new literary journal—the *Writer and Reader*—which is intended to form a link between readers of all classes of books and their authors.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. ROBERT SEYMOUR CONWAY—whose essay on *Verner's Law in Italy*, originally written as a dissertation for the second part of the classical tripos, was reviewed in the ACADEMY of February 4—has been elected to a fellowship at Gonville and Caius, Cambridge—the college, we may add, of Mr. E. S. Roberts and of Prof. Ridgeway.

DR. JOSEPH WRIGHT has been appointed Taylorian teacher of German at Oxford, in succession to Dr. A. A. Macdonell, now deputy-professor of Sanskrit.

MR. E. J. BROWNE has been appointed resident university lecturer in Persian at Cambridge for a term of five years.

THE syndics of the Cambridge Press have undertaken to publish, in ten volumes demy quarto, the collected mathematical papers of Prof. Cayley.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. R. L. Clarke, fellow and librarian of Queen's College, Oxford, who had been ill for more than two years past.

WE learn from the *New York Critic* that a department of journalism is to be opened next term at Cornell University, under the charge of Prof. Brainard Smith, who was himself at one time a newspaper man. Prof. Smith will lecture to seniors, juniors, and post-graduates, on the condition of newspaper work in the great cities. He will also act as managing editor of a staff of students organised like that of a daily paper, and give instruction in editing copy, condensing it, preparing it for the printer, and in writing head-lines.

THE Government Bureau of Education in the United States is issuing "Circulars of Information" for the benefit of the public, two of which, for the year 1887, are before us. The first is an account, by Dr. Herbert B. Adams, head of the department of history and political science in Johns Hopkins University, of the history of William and Mary College in Virginia, interesting as the second institution for the promotion of higher education in North America, coming next to Harvard in date of foundation, and the earliest institution of the sort in the South. William and Mary College suffered its full share from the results of the Civil War, and has long been in a declining condition; but the present treatise is less a plea for its reimbursement (a subject publicly mooted more than once) than an account of the course and influence of the higher education in Virginia and the South generally, the need of popular support for its maintenance, and more especially the revival of political education as a definite branch of study.

THE second circular, from the pen of the same author, is of much greater bulk (299 pages as compared with 89), and deals with the Study of History in American Colleges and Universities. It begins with Harvard, as the oldest, tracing the historical methods pursued there from the foundation down to the present time, and does the like successively for Yale, Columbia College, Michigan University, Cornell University, Johns Hopkins University, and the four colleges for women—Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr. Then the special study of American history in the various schools, colleges, and universities is surveyed in a single chapter, followed by another treating of

Washington High School separately. A final chapter, by another writer, Carroll D. Wright, on political education, and a set of statistical tables, close the number. Both circulars have illustrations, meant rather for utility than adornment, being chiefly representations of class-rooms and reading-rooms, showing what arrangements are made to facilitate study and reference.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

Nor only on the battle-field
With wonted courage thou didst wield
Thy sword of might,
When cruel sickness laid thee low,
Another weapon thou could'st show
In thy last fight.

For, though 'tis Death that wins, some say,
We cannot reckon thee to-day
Weak and discredited;
Thou hast but left this lower sphere,
Death cannot follow; he is here,
But thou hast found
A vantage spot he cannot tread,
Thy valiant spirit, upwards led,
Gives Death defeat.

Three months of power and of pain,
And we may grieve thy life, thy reign,
Not here complete;
Thy eagle soul has soared above
These lower plains where Death can rove;
Thou hast a name,
Glorious among the warriors bold,
The heroes of the days of old
Thy kinship claim.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

OBITUARY.

DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE death is announced of James Freeman Clarke, on June 8, in his seventy-ninth year.

Dr. Clarke's name is intimately linked with the Transcendentalists of New England; for, although he can hardly be described as one of the leaders in that movement, he was in many ways so closely connected with its leaders, and was so imbued with its spirit that, when its history comes to be fully written, it will be found that his influence, though quiet, was far from insignificant. He was one of the original members of those social gatherings of liberal thinkers which were popularly known as the Transcendental Club; but, said Dr. Clarke, they called themselves "the club of the like-minded, I suppose, because no two of them thought alike." In other ways he took a share in the same work. He translated De Wette's *Theodor* for the series of "Specimens of Foreign Literature," with which, in 1838, George Ripley strove to transplant German philosophy into America. Later, from 1840 to 1844, he was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to *The Dial*. He was also (so Mr. G. W. Cooke states in his interesting essay on *The Dial*) the author, jointly with Christopher P. Cranch, of a work not published, and not intended for publication, which represented Transcendentalism in quite another aspect. It was called "Illustrations of the New Philosophy, 1835," and consisted of humorous pictorial interpretations of selected sayings of the Transcendental oracles. Several of Emerson's phrases, made ludicrous by detachment, served the purpose readily, such as: "Standing on the bare ground, I become a transparent eyeball"; "The great man angles with himself; he needs no other bait"; "We are lined with eyes; we see with our feet"; "I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons." Evidently Dr. Clarke was a hearty and incorruptible Transcendentalist; for a man's faith is not perfect until he can afford, on fitting occasion, to make it a subject for good-natured laughter.

Dr. Clarke was essentially a theologian and divine. Emerson abandoned the pulpit for the platform; George Ripley left it to organise Brook Farm; Parker did not leave it, but he converted it to unaccustomed purposes of social as well as religious reform. But Dr. Clarke was a clergyman from first to last. Yet the brave and many-sided man was not obscured in the clergyman. Among Transcendentalists, as well as in the unregenerate world, there were antipathies. Parker failed to appreciate Alcott, and Alcott was not an enthusiastic admirer of Parker. Margaret Fuller and Lowell said some bitter things of one another. But Dr. Clarke, like William Henry Channing, was a man with sympathies so wide that he could be the friend of all. When Parker's early heresies had offended the Unitarian as well as the Trinitarian "orthodoxy" of his day, and the persecution had reached such a depth that to befriend the outcast preacher was almost to outcast oneself, Dr. Clarke was not to be deterred from exchanging pulpits with him, although he by no means agreed with the doctrines Parker was announcing. His association with others was not less intimate. While editing the *Western Messenger* (1835-39) he encouraged Emerson to allow three of his earliest poems to be printed in its pages. He was the officiating minister at Hawthorne's marriage, and, twenty-two years later, at his funeral. A similar wide-mindedness impressed itself on his literary work. As Mr. Frothingham, referring to his book on *Ten Great Religions*, says, it shows "the power of the Transcendental idea to render justice to all forms of faith, and give positive interpretations to doctrines obscure and revolting. It detects the truth in things erroneous, the good in things evil."

In conjunction with Emerson and W. H. Channing, Dr. Clarke prepared the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller* (1852). His other works are chiefly of a religious character, and include *The Legend of Thomas Didymus* (1881)—a remarkable and far from unsuccessful attempt to "reproduce the times in which Jesus lived," to picture him and his companions and surroundings just as they appeared to his contemporaries.

The club of 1829, made famous by Dr. Holmes, has lost in Dr. Clarke one of its noblest members. He died in the fulness of time. Many of his friends had gone before, but he has left many others behind.

WALTER LEWIN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE June *Livre* has two articles of a wider (by which we mean a less specially literary) interest than usual, and both are very well worth reading. The first and shortest, by M. de Contades, is a somewhat desultory but agreeable miscellany on "Les Livres et les Courses," that is to say, on the chief passages of recent French literature dealing with racing. It is illustrated with a plate of a *Reliure Sportive*. The second, and more generally interesting, is by M. Maurice du Seigneur (any relation to Jehan?) on Caricature, and is illustrated freely with unpublished designs of the highest interest from the author's collection. The examples of the *Portrait-Charge* here given from the work of Eugène Giraud (Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert) are less unfamiliar than some specimens of an artist very little, we think, known in England—Albert Coinchon. Coinchon seems to have had something of Gillray and something of Gavarni in him, which will be admitted to be an unusual combination; and his design to illustrate the *Châtiments* as given here is exceedingly remarkable. A couple of satirical sketches of Mérimée's, too, show that that master of the

pen was by no means a dunce with the pencil. It is a very interesting paper.

THE articles in the *Revista Contemporanea* for May are mostly continuations of those in former numbers. The critical observations of Fernández Merino, on the "Etymologies of the Dictionary of the Academy," resolve themselves into a discussion on the Galatians and Celts. The notes of Jimenez de la Espada on the *History of New Granada*, by Juan de Castellanos, show the worst side of the Spanish conquest. The chapters by Acero y Abad on "Ginés Pérez de Hita," deal with the genealogy and the bibliography. Adolfo de Sandoval gives some interesting particulars about the immediate disciples of St. Catherine de Siena. Francisco Pons describes some of the native libraries in Algeria and Tunis, and also the libraries and museums of antiquities of the French—so much superior to those of Spain that he asks, "Is it not to be wished that Africa began at the Pyrenees?" Catalina Garcia continues his transcript of the "Fuero of Brihuega," and F. Hardt his Madrid news. José Mareca writes on Milton, comparing "Paradise Regained" with "La Cristiada" of Fray Diego de Hojeda.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for May is chiefly occupied with some valuable Roman inscriptions lately discovered. The most important is a bronze *tessera* of Clunia giving the right of hospitality to, and fixing the names of, the consuls for the first six months of A.D. 40. There is a good engraving from a cast, and an admirable commentary on the inscription by Fernandez-Guerra. Next is an account of Arabic MSS. relating to Spain, discovered by St. Codera in Tunis and Algeria; lastly, some fresh notes on "Columbus," by Fernandez Duro and Augustin Muñoz y Gómez. The *Historia de la Enseñanza en España*, of Vicente de la Fuente, is most favourably reported on by Rada y Delgado; while V. de la Fuente himself gives only qualified praise to M. Macías's *Historia de Salamanca*.

THE CREWEIAN ORATION AT OXFORD.

WE quote the following passages from the Creweian oration delivered by Mr. F. T. Palgrave at the Oxford Commemoration on June 20, in which he refers to his two predecessors in the chair of poetry, both recently dead—Matthew Arnold and Sir Francis Doyle:

"Hoc in primis notandum, hoc exempli optimi apud Universitatem ponimus, quod Litterarum antiquam illam dignitatem et amplitudinem a iuventute usque ad exitum firmaverit. Procul ab hoc vitia illa species, quae indies apud scriptores ubivis exaestuant, quibus satis videtur volubiler aliquid chartis illinere, modo auram popularem blanditiis capient, modo in loculos nummum demittant. Optima querebat; nec protinus offerentibus se gavius est. Itaque multa magis quam multorum lectione ingenium finxit; sinceram illam sermonis Attici gratiam usque consecutus. Homerum, Sophoclem, Pindarum, primores quosque inter antiquos, in manu semper versabat; quae amotis a schola, ab universitate, culturam animi veram sanamque nullo modo exstare posse iustissime credidit. Nec interdum bonarum litterarum oblitus est, quascunque saecula recentiora attulerint: neque haec studia solum iuvenis persecutus est. Memini equidem ipsum mihi nuper dicentem, se noctu semper perlegere Comedias Dantianae illius vere Divinae cantum: unde aethera hoc terrestri largiorem, et lumen caeli purpureum sibi non frustra vindicabat.

"Superest, ut de Poeta Arnoldo pauca quaedam at ex corde dicamus. Hunc unum recentiores inter poetas quos genuit Oxonia, praestantissimum audeo dicere. Hic,—id quod ubi de vate certo auditur, usque videmus,—vera facultas; hic vera gloria, perennis. Sincerum ingenium, homo ipse,

in versibus inveniendus; his se totum tradidit; Poesi super res a musico, a pictore gestas, sceptum iure vindicans. Sunt poetæ, qui arti suæ, formæ, elegantiae, se nimis dant: sunt qui id maxime curant, ut doceant. Has inter Symplegidas, ut ita dicam, recto cursu navigabat Arnoldus. Arte igitur, haud secus ac materia valet. 'Non illi vis, non subtilitas, non amaritudo, non dulcedo, non lepos defuit.' Opus hinc tersum, iucundum, et plane in ipsius domo, ut aiunt, non alius poetæ cuiusdam, confectum:—"puro tamen fonti," si ad summam respicias, "quam magno flumini propius." Quanta arte, coloribus quam nitidis ad pictoris exemplar, hic ruris montium amnum aspectum descripsit! Quam miro modo numina nymphas heroas, fabulis Graecis decantans, quasi ante oculos legentium ponit! Praeterea multa: quis autem est quin in memoriam redigat Idyllia illa pulcherrima; alterum Scholaris cuiusdam errabundi Oxoniensis vitae deditum; alterum, in quo Thyrsidos sub nomine, amore atque ingenio pari amicum, sibi mihique amicissimum desideratissimumque—morte ablatum celebravit. In hoc genere supremas sibi laudes conciliavit noster. Lussit etiam aliquando amabiliter; fabulas, mythologica, amores cantavit. At Musam quodam loco pinxit suam, specie externa festivam, cilicio intus vestitam: austeram simul ac venustam. Atque hoc pro vero eius iudicio tenemus. Scripta itaque severiora multa; inter quae Empedocleum illud carmen ipsius philosophi dignum, laudatissimum. Ast hinc maesti aliquid frequentius apud poetam invenies: audienda saepe vox illa Philomelae dulcissima; Alaudae nunquam. Sonat amorem philosophiam pacem lyra eius: spem non sonat."

"Praelectorem alterum, poetam alterum, amicum alterum, eundemque mihi necessitudine coniunctum, amicum ploro. Doylii autem laudes decentius aliis linquenda: hos flores saltem spargam,—Anglum neminem, nominis, honoris, armorum Anglicorum magis studiosum, patriae dilectissimae ex imo corde amantorem, exstitisse. Nec quae de virtute militari Britannica cecinit carmina, peritura credo:—pauca quidem, at Tyrtæana."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARDOUX, A. *Études sociales et littéraires: Madame de Custine.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
BOULANGER, E. *Voyage à Merv.* Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
DE LA FERRIÈRE, H. *Amour mondain: amour mystique.* Jeanne de Plennes; la jeunesse de Henri III.; Anne de la Boderie. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
GREMAUX, E. *Lavoisier (1743-1794), d'après sa correspondance, ses manuscrits, ses papiers de famille et d'autres documents inédits.* Paris: Alcan. 15 fr.
LABONNE, H. *L'Islande et l'archipel des Faeroer.* Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
LANGE, M. *Goethe's Quellen u. Hilfsmittel bei der Bearbeitung d. Reineke Fuchs.* Colberg: Warnke. 1 M.
LÉNIENT, C. *La Comédie en France au XVIII^e Siècle.* Paris: Hachette. 7 fr.
LUGARI, G. B. *Le Catacombe ossia il Sepolcro apostolico dell' Appia.* Rome: Loescher. 12 fr.
L'ILE D'HAÏTI, *Géographie de, contenant des notices historiques et topographiques sur les autres Antilles.* Paris: Spectateur Militaire. 10 fr.
PLOIX, Ch. *La nature des dieux: études de mythologie gréco-latine.* Paris: Vieweg. 10 fr.
STEVENSON, E. *Topografia e Monumenti di Roma nello pitture a fresco di Sisto V. nella Biblioteca Vaticana.* Rome: Loescher. 18 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BABEAU, A. *La France et Paris sous le Directoire: lettres d'une voyageuse anglaise, suivies d'extraits des lettres de Swinburne (1796-7).* Paris: Firmin-Didot. 3 fr. 50 c.
CORRESPONDENZ, politische, Friedrichs d. Grossen. 16. Bd. Berlin: Dancker. 12 M.
FORZÈ e Fortezze pontificie alla fine del Secolo decimosettimo. Rome: Loescher. 25 fr.
LEHMANN, K. *Abhandlungen zur germanischen, insbesondere nordischen Rechtsgeschichte.* Berlin: Guttentag. 5 M.
QUELLEN zur Geschichte der Juden in Deutschland. 1. Bd. Berlin: Simon. 12 M.
RUGESTA Honorii Papae III., ex Vaticanis archetypis aliisque fontibus ed. P. Pressutti. Vol. I. Rome: Loescher. 60 fr.
TROTHA, Th. v. *Zur Geschichte der russisch-österreichischen Kooperation im Feldzuge v. 1759.* Hannover: Helwing. 4 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- ERICHSON, W. F. *Naturgeschichte der Insecten Deutschlands. 1. Abth. Coleoptera. 6. Bd. 5. Lfg.* Bearb. v. J. Weise. Berlin: Nicolai. 6 M.
FRÖHLICH, L. *Allgemeine Theorie d. Elektrodynamometers.* Berlin: Friedländer. 10 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- COMMENTARIA in Aristotelem graeca. Vol. XVII. J. Philoponi in Aristotelis physiceorum libros quinque posteriores commentaria, ed. H. Vitelli. Berlin: Reimer. 19 M.
EPHEMERIS epigraphica. Vol. VIII. Fasc. 1 et 2. J. Schmidt, Addimenta altera ad Corporis Vol. VIII. Berlin: Reimer. 8 M.
HATTENDORF, W. *Sprache u. Dialekt d. spätmittelenglischen Romans von Partenay.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
HEINEMANN, O. v. *Die Handschriften der herzoglichen Bibliothek zu Wolfenbüttel. 1. Abth. Die Helmstedter Handschriften. III. Wolfenbüttel: Zwissler. 15 M.*
HÖRNIG, B. *Syntaktische Untersuchungen zu Rabelais.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
HOEHA, C. *Apparatus criticus ad Juvenalem.* Bonn: Cohen. 3 M.
HUMBOLDT, C. *Die Gesetze d. französischen Verses. Ein Versuch, sie aus dem Geiste d. Volkes zu erklären.* Leipzig: Seemann. 1 M. 50 Pf.
LITTERATURDENKMÄLER, elassische. 5. Bd. Parzival v. O. Wisse u. Ph. Collin (1831-1836). Zum ersten Male hrsg. v. K. Schorbach. Strassburg: Trübner. 10 M. 50 Pf.
MARUCCI, O. *Il grande Papiro egizio della Biblioteca Vaticana contenente il sat per em heru.* Rome: Loescher. 20 fr.
SPECIMINA palaeographica Registorum Romanorum Pontificum ab Innocentio III. ad Urbanum V. Rome: Loescher. 90 fr.
THEODORI PRODROMI Commentarios in carmina sacra melodorum Cosmae Hierosolymitani et Johannis Damasceni ad fidem Codd. MSS. primum editit H. M. Stevenson senior. Rome: Loescher. 10 fr.
THOMAS, P. *Lucubrations Manilianae.* Ghent: Clemm. 2 fr.
WISSMANN, F. O. *De genere dicendi Xenophonteo deque prioris Hellenicorum partis conditione quaestiones selectae.* Giessen: Ricker. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REGISTER OF "COMMONERS" OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

The Palace, Salisbury: June 19, 1888.

Mr. J. S. Cotton, in his appreciative notice of *Winchester Scholars* (ACADEMY, June 16), after referring to the significant omission of "Commoners" from that book, expresses, as I understand him, a hope that the work of bringing out a list of "Commoners" may be taken in hand.

I venture, therefore, to inform your readers, and especially such of them as are of Wykehamical families, or are interested in works of this kind, that a register of "Commoners," from 1668 to the present date, has been for some time in preparation. The work will be divided into two parts—the first from 1668 to 1836, the second from 1836 to the present date. Prior to 1668, I regret to say that there do not appear to be any definite records of even the names of the commoners of the school. With the year 1668, however, commences the series of "Long Rolls," on which the names of commoners and scholars appear side by side.

The first part will consist, if circumstances permit, of a transcript of the "Long Rolls" themselves, which are in manuscript until after the commencement of this century, and which are the depositaries of many interesting facts relating to the history of the school. After-life particulars of the commoners on the rolls will be given in every case possible, and perhaps information may be added as to some of the scholars at present without record in Mr. Kirby's valuable list.

The second part, which will be published first, and which is approaching completion, consists of the names of the commoners printed from the head master's register, which was commenced by Dr. Moberly on his going to Winchester in 1836. Dr. Fearon has asked me to edit this portion of the work; and has commenced it by having had slips of the earlier entries printed and sent round to a considerable

number of old Wykehamists, asking for biographical and other details.

In all cases, for both portions of the work, as full and accurate particulars as can be obtained on the following points will be recorded, viz.: full date of birth; name and address of father; subsequent places of education, with University and other honours; degrees, commissions in the services, business and other appointments, with dates; names of works written or edited; date and name of person to whom married; and date of death.

I have to thank many who have already helped me; but there are still, I regret to say, a large number of names, even in the period since 1836, of which I have no after-life record. I appeal, therefore, earnestly to all old Wykehamists to enable me to fill up these blanks, by sending me particulars of themselves and of their contemporaries, and by referring me to likely sources of information.

Finally, with regard to the first portion, 1668 to 1836—which is my own enterprise—I shall, of course, be equally grateful for any particulars on the points already mentioned, with regard to the names; but I wish specially to ask for the loan of any "Long Rolls" prior to 1730, to compare with those which I have already, and to complete certain gaps in the series.

C. W. HOLGATE.

PARIS AND TRISTAN IN THE "INFERNO."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: June 16, 1888.

In the two former letters to the ACADEMY (October 1, 1888, and Feb. 7, 1889) on the above subject I quoted passages from Chaucer and Eastache Deschamps in support of the opinion that in *Inf.* v. 67, the allusion is to the classical, not to the mediaeval, Paris; in spite of the commentators, who maintain that the coupling of the classical Paris so closely with the mediaeval Tristan would be unnatural.

To these I may now add the following passages (for the first two of which I am indebted to a friend), where Paris of Troy and Tristan are mentioned together in close connexion, as Helen and Iseult were in those already given.

The first is from Chaucer's *Assembly of Foules*:

"Semyramus, Candace, and Ercules,
Biblys, Dido, Tesbe, and Piramus,
Tristram, Isoude, Paris and Achilles,
Eleyne, Cleopatre, and Troylus,
Silla, and eke the moder of Romulus:—
Alle these were peynted on that other syde,
And al her love, and in what plite they dide."
(vv. 288-294)

The next is from the *Roman de Renart*:

"Seigneurs, oi avez maint conte
Que maint conterre vous raconte,
Comment Paris ravi Elaine,
Le mal qu'il en ot et la paine:
De Tristan qui la chievre fist,
Qui assez bellement en dist
Et fabliaus et chancon de geste."
(Branche II., vv. 1-7: Vol. I., p. 91, ed. Martin.)

The third is from a thirteenth-century MS. belonging to the Ashburnham Collection, from which extracts have been printed in the *Bulletin de la Société des Anciens Textes français* (1887, No. 2).

"Li corteis Tristam fu enginné
De l'amor et de l'amisté
Ke il ont envers Ysolt la bloie.
Si fu li beau Paris de Troie
De Elaine e de Penelopé."

It is evident, from the various passages I have adduced, that the mention of Paris and Helen, and of Tristan and Iseult, as typical instances of lovers whose woes were wrought

by love, was regarded in the Middle Ages as a poetical commonplace. There need be no further difficulty, therefore, in assuming definitively that Dante's allusion is to the Paris "qui de Gresse ravi Helaine," and not to the comparatively unknown hero of the mediæval romance.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

"STEERMAN."

Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, June 2, 1888.

Following Mr. Paget Toynbee's letters in the ACADEMY of May 12, I would call attention to the following statements and quotations:

Ducange ed. Henschel knows not only the Anglo-Saxon *steoresman*, but also the latinised *sturemannus*, under which we read:

"Gubernator navium, Germanis Steurmann, Angli. Steersman. Liber nig. Scaccarii, p. 369: Item constituantur boni et legales homines in portibus . . . qui capiant sacramenta omnium Sturemannorum et marinellorum navium ibi applicantium."

Ducange also knows *esturmmain*. In the *Glossarium Gallicum* we find: "*Estrument, Vaisseau, navire. Gl. Strumentum, [et Estrument, Pilote. Flore et Blancet. vers. 1365, &c.]*" It is evidently an error to give to *estrumment* the meaning "*vaisseau*," as is done under *Strumentum*.

"*Nostri Estrument, pro Instrument, etiam dixerunt. Le Roman de Vacce MS:*

"*De Constantin lor fist bons Estramentz baillier, Qui bien sourent par mer et sigler et vagier.*"

Diez, *Etymol. Wbh.* 4th ed. p. 578, has:

"*Esturman altfr. steurmann. Ignaur, p. 65 (esturmant Fl. Bl. 1365, esturman Brt. ii. 226, stieresman G. Gaim. p. 33): vom ndl. stuurman, ags. steorman, engl. steersman. Vgl. Fr. Michel zum Ger. de Nev. p. 14. Des einfachen estiere steuerruder, bedient sich Mar. de France i. 462.*"

The same forms are given by Burguy in his *Glossaire*.

The form *estirman* occurs in at least two other passages of the *Roman de Brut*.

In Layamon's *Brut* we find *stermen*, i. p. 335, and *steormen*, iii. p. 136, as well as *steoresman* or *steresmon*, i. p. 57, and *steores-mon*, or *steresman*, ii. p. 75.

Jamieson's *Scottish Dict.*, abridged ed., has: "*Sterman-fee. s. The wages of a steersman. 'To pay vii. sh. of sterman-fee.'* Aberd. Reg."

ARTHUR H. PALMER.

PROPERTY IN TITLES.

Nutfield, Surrey: June 15, 1888.

Whether Mr. T. M. Watson wrote his play to my title, or merely selected one which extensive advertising and the railway bookstalls had made very familiar to the reading public, seems to me a question beside the mark. The question at issue is not *how* he has done this thing, but whether he had a right to do it at all.

If Mr. Watson, or anyone else, will answer this question, he will confer a benefit on the fraternity of literature.

C. L. PIRKIS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 25, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palæozoic Epoch," I., by Prof. W. R. McNab.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in Central Africa," by Lieut. H. Wissmann; "Christmas Island, Indian Ocean," by Capt. W. J. L. Wharton, with illustrations by Dioptric Lantern.

TUESDAY, June 26, 4 p.m. Statistical: General Annual Meeting.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: Exhibition of Pottery from Recent Excavations in New Mexico, by Mr. A. S. Burr; "The Nicobar Islanders," by Mr. E. H. Mann.

WEDNESDAY, June 27, 4 p.m. Society of Arts: Annual General Meeting.

4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palæozoic Epoch," II., by Prof. W. R. McNab.

4 p.m. College of State Medicine: "The Rise and Progress of Sanitary Engineering within the Present Century," by Sir Robert Rawlinson.

THURSDAY, June 28, 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, June 29, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Social Condition of the Babylonians, IV., Laws," by Mr. G. Bertia.

4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palæozoic Epoch," III., by Prof. W. R. McNab.

SCIENCE.

The Principles of Sound and Inflection in Greek and Latin. By J. E. King and C. Cookson. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MESSRS. KING AND COOKSON are unquestionably right in holding that there is a real need for some adequate English text-book, setting forth the recent results of the comparative study of Greek and Latin. In German, these results have been collected by Brugmann and Stolz in Iwan Müller's *Handbuch*. In French, a very convenient summary has been given by M. Henry in his lately issued *Précis de Grammaire comparée du Grec et du Latin*. But the English student has been left without any means of acquainting himself with the researches which have, within the last ten or twelve years, largely modified, if they have not transformed our notions of both the phonology and the morphology of the classical languages.

It may be said at once that our authors have carried out their task with full competence, sound judgment, and great accuracy. The work makes no claim to be an original contribution to philological science. It is not the function of a textbook to put forward new speculations; and even on those points where certainty has not been reached, and new views might have been acceptable, the authors have preferred to state the most plausible theories, sometimes, but not always, indicating their own judgment. But they have used the best authorities, especially of the "young grammarian" school, and it is rarely that any important suggestion has been overlooked. They have "in great part followed the plan, and embodied much of the material, of the articles of Brugmann and Stolz"; but it would be unjust to regard this work as merely an adaptation for the English reader of these treatises. There are abundant signs of independent study; and even where the facts are already to be found in Brugmann or Stolz, the indications of the sources whence they are derived are often a welcome addition. It would be superfluous to praise the general accuracy of the work. If the excellent authorities used did not almost preclude the possibility of error, the approved scholarship of the Provost of Oriel and the Rector of Lincoln, both of whom have corrected the proofs, would be a sufficient guarantee that no slips would be allowed to pass. A critic might content himself with recording the appearance of a work which fills so serious a gap, and is sure to find wide acceptance as an authoritative text-book. But perhaps a few suggestions may be offered towards the improvement of a second edition.

In the first place, although much has been done, more might be added with advantage in the way of references to the literature of the subject. It is difficult to see always on what principle references have been given. The

book will come into the hands of many who have been unable to follow the progress of philological science. They will naturally be desirous to learn where they may find new theories or comparisons, given here *ex cathedra*, discussed and established. Unfortunately the references given are, as a rule, only to the more accessible authorities. Monro's *Homerica Grammar* and Rutherford's *Neo Phrynichus* are referred to repeatedly, but these are just the books which the English student is not likely to overlook. The references to Osthoff and De Saussure are more generally helpful; but it might be worth while considering whether these and the like should not be given more frequently.

One or two somewhat dubious suggestions are borrowed from Havet—a scholar more distinguished for ingenuity than for sobriety. For instance, if *járbbha* appears in Latin as *globus* (p. 136), it is difficult to see what it has to do with *vulva* (p. 137), or what is the significance of the fact that the latter word often appears in MSS. as *bulba*. No error is more common than the confusion of *v* and *b* in MSS.; but surely no scholar would lay any stress on corruptions like *cibes*, *bixit*, or *bibere* (for *vivere*), to explain the origin of the words. If it is held that *g* of *g* drops, leaving only *v*, the mention of the corrupt *bulba* is misleading. Havet is also responsible for the statement that *nepos* means "nephew" in Latin. No earlier authority for this is adduced than Suetonius (*Caes.* 83); and a glance at the context shows that Freund and his followers, even Lewis and Short, have fallen into an absurd error here. *Sororum nepotes* were undoubtedly the grand-nephews of the dictator, but that does not prove that *nepotes* alone has this meaning. To Havet, too, is due the bold, but not very valuable, suggestion that *latera* is borrowed from *λάπαρα*, with assimilation to *lātus* and *lateo*. On p. 73, we find *oncare* apparently identified with *uncare*; but the two words are quite distinct, and are used of different animals. The connexion of *μῆπος* with *morosus* is surely in no way to be defended; this is one of those cases where a reference to the propounder of the connexion is to be desiderated. The important quotation from Josephus on p. 57 is unduly compressed. The place assigned to *Idus* on p. 246 will certainly lead the unwary to suppose that the *i* is short. It might have been noticed that both *pēdes* (Plaut. *Stich.* 311) and *turbinēs* (Trin. 835) are somewhat doubtful; and, in any case, each is followed by a word beginning with a consonant. "The fact that Cato uses *fociem*" might have been stated more precisely, or readers might have had the means supplied to them of acquiring greater precision for themselves by a reference to *Nous.* ii. 447. Apparently the sentence on p. 360—"The form *mōhe*, quoted by Quint. i. 5, 21, is noticeable"—has been displaced from its proper position at the end of the preceding paragraph; it is confusing as it stands. A note on the *κ* of *κισσός* (p. 194) would have been desirable, when it is compared with *hedera*; to a thoughtful student it might have been sufficient to insert (**χέδ-ιος*). And if *λοβός* is to be compared with *lop-eared*, we ought to have something about the loss of the *s* in English (*cf.* p. 140).

These points are but trifling; and it speaks

well for a book of such bulk that a careful examination of it shows so few. On the other hand, there is much which calls for warm praise. The introductory chapter is admirable; the second—though, perhaps, somewhat out of place in what is not a treatise on comparative philology—will be useful to many. The volume is handsomely, and extremely correctly, printed. In this respect, as well as in the possession of ample indexes, it has a great advantage over its German predecessors. In short, it can be recommended with full confidence to all who wish to learn the latest results of comparative philology as applied to Latin and Greek.

A. S. WILKINS

SOME BOOKS ON GEOMETRY.

The Harpur Euclid. Book I. By E. M. Langley and W. S. Phillips. (Rivingtons.)

Geometrical Drawing. By W. N. Wilson. (Rivingtons.)

Geometry in Space. By R. C. J. Nixon. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE editors of the *Harpur Euclid* state in the preface that Euclid's sequence of propositions is retained, but that some of his demonstrations are replaced by easier ones, and that much superfluous matter has been discarded from those retained. As no indications are given where changes have been made on Euclid's text, it may be well to point them out here. They are the addition of the second case to prop. 7, of the first case to prop. 35, the substitution of other demonstrations for props. 24 and 26, a slight shortening of the proofs of props. 34 and 45, and a modification of the diagram for prop. 48. Many of the propositions are followed by useful notes and exercises; and at the end there are, besides a collection of miscellaneous exercises, a short and interesting article on the classification of quadrilaterals, remarks on loci and on the methods of solution of geometrical problems. The only unsatisfactory feature of the book is the arrangement of the definitions. Take, for instance, the word rhombus. On p. 7 we are told that it is a quadrilateral which has all its sides equal; the same thing is repeated on p. 21; on p. 97 we are told that it has all its sides equal, but its angles are not right angles; and, lastly, on p. 101, that in modern works on geometry it is usual to employ the word in a wider sense than that assigned to it by Euclid. Again on p. 6, preparatory to the first proposition, an equilateral triangle is defined, and in the notes we learn that a triangle is sometimes regarded as standing on a selected side called its base; on p. 14 we are introduced to the fifth proposition, "The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle," &c., without any explanation of what an isosceles triangle is, or which of its sides is selected for the base. On p. 28, in connexion with a four-sided figure, the term diagonal occurs without previous explanation; on p. 41, we learn that a five-sided figure has five diagonals, and that of a six-sided figure, A B C D E F, there are three diagonals, A D B E, O F; on p. 64 we are told that the diagonal of a quadrilateral is the straight line joining two of its opposite angles, and that diagonals of a parallelogram are sometimes called diameters. There are one or two other terms, such as perimeter (p. 41), which should have been defined before being used. To a few of the miscellaneous exercises references are appended, in each case with a slight typographical oversight. Two, at any rate, of these references may be carried farther back. Ex. 156 is the first proposition of the fourth book of Pappus's *Mathematical Collection*, and Ex. 169 is found

in McDowell's *Exercises on Euclid and in Modern Geometry*, § 29.

Mr. Wilson's aim in writing has been twofold,

"to provide a school text-book which shall contain all that is necessary for the army examinations and be an introduction to the mechanical drawing of engineers, and to place geometrical drawing on a more sure basis as a study of great educational value."

While it should be said that in the first part of his aim the author has been more successful than in the second, it ought also to be stated that this text-book is much superior to many of the ordinary manuals of practical geometry. It gives the usual collection of problems, prefaces some of them with the principles which underlie their solution, and, what is not usual, adds the proof that the solution is correct. On p. 9 the author states that there is no simple geometrical construction by which an angle containing a whole number of degrees less than 15° can be constructed. Surely the construction for an angle of 9° is not so complicated but that it might have been indicated, especially after the problem of dividing a line in extreme and mean ratio has been solved. The construction (approximate) for inscribing in a circle a regular figure of any given number of sides is really of no practical value, and might have been omitted; and the accurate construction for the regular pentagon or decagon been inserted instead. Some of the principles by the aid of which figures are inscribed in symmetrical figures might have been elucidated more fully. They are well enough exemplified in the problems given, but a short statement of when figures are similar and similarly situated and what a centre of similitude is, would have made the methods employed clearer to a beginner. Each of the chapters of the book is followed by a good collection of exercises, and at the end there are a dozen of examination papers. The answers are given in all cases where they are numerical.

Mr. Nixon has followed up his *Euclid Revised*, which treated only of plane geometry, with a manual containing parts of Euclid's eleventh and twelfth books, and some properties of polyhedra and solids of revolution. In the opening chapter the first twenty-one propositions of Euclid's eleventh book are given much as in the ordinary school editions, but with sundry improvements. In the fourth proposition, however, which is proved in Legendre's manner, there is assumed the solution of a problem for which no previous authority can be quoted. The second chapter is on polyhedra, and embraces all the important elementary theorems whether of ancient or modern discovery. The third chapter on the solids of revolution contains also an extension of the modern geometry of lines and circles to planes and spheres, or at least an outline of such extension. It is to be hoped that the author will in a future edition expand this outline, and particularly the very brief section relating to surface spherics. The parallelism, often complete, now and then partial, between the theorems of the first and third books of Euclid and the corresponding theorems of spherical geometry is not only interesting in itself, but is valuable for the light it throws on some of the fundamental ideas of geometry. A short appendix on the geometrical theory of perspective in space, written by Mr. Alex. Larmor, concludes the work. Each of the chapters is accompanied by a considerable number of exercises to be solved, some of which, if considerations of space did not intervene, might well have deserved a place in the text. As in *Euclid Revised* the greatest possible brevity of expression has been studied, and there are no references to preceding proofs. Throughout

the book Mr. Nixon has, in connexion with several of the theorems, mentioned the names of their discoverers, but he has made one notable omission. He has nowhere even alluded to Archimedes. The treatise on solid geometry published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is ascribed to De Morgan—curiously enough, for it does not betray any of the characteristics of De Morgan's style. It was written by Pierce Morton. The typographical mistake of "frustrum" for "frustum" is perhaps hardly worth calling attention to.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAYANA'S COMMENTARY ON THE "RIGVEDA."

Bombay: May 29, 1888.

Will you let me break a lance with Prof. Max Müller, if that distinguished scholar will honour me by accepting the combat? The ground may be said to be of his own choosing.

In the preface to the sixth and last volume of his edition of the *Rigveda*, it will be found that Prof. Max Müller, in order, as he tells us, to justify his critical proceedings, cites, *inter alia*, Sayana's explanation of the words "yasyemāḥ pradiśo yasya bāhū" (*Rigveda* x. 121, 4) as a case in which changes of a bolder character than others he has been referring to are required for a restoration of Sayana's commentary. Prof. Max Müller's MS., as do also mine, virtually agree in reading here: "Yasya chemāḥ pradiśaḥ prārambbāḥ Agneyyādyāḥ konadiśa itavyāḥ." In the edition three changes have been made. "Prārambbāḥ" has been changed to "prāchyārambbāḥ." "Itavyāḥ" has been changed to "Isāntāḥ." Lastly, what I will call a sky-lotus has been added, in the shape of the word "vā," of which there is no trace in the MSS. It is fair to add that this last change, not unnaturally, raises some little misgiving in the editorial conscience. "Lastly," Prof. Max Müller pleads, "I was driven to add a 'vā' at the end, in order to get a proper construction, though I confess that the absence of any trace of such a particle makes me doubt whether, after all, my correction is quite right."

Rigveda x. 121 is one of a number of hymns from the *Rigveda* which are prescribed for the B.A. examinations of this university. I have been engaged for some time on an edition of these hymns with Sayana's Commentary, and had, of course, to decide whether I should follow the MSS. here, or give Prof. Max Müller's restoration. How are the changes justified? I give Prof. Max Müller's own words:

"Sayana's first idea was evidently to take 'pradiśaḥ' in the sense of 'disaḥ,' the principal regions, or four points of the compass; but he saw that he had to explain 'yasya bāhū' independently, and wishing to assign to the arms of Prajāpati the place of the principal regions, he recollects himself, and assigns to 'pradiśaḥ' the meaning of 'vidiśaḥ,' or 'konadiśaḥ,' the intermediate points of the compass."

What may be called the major premiss of this argument follows, that "the MSS., as they stand, are simply unintelligible." Let us see. To me, at least, it seems clear that Sayana begins and ends by taking "pradiśaḥ" in his text here to refer to the intermediate regions. He cites them by name (Agneyyādyāḥ). He gives a synonym (konadiśaḥ). Lastly he adds a word which specifies more closely the relation of dependence intended. The intermediate regions are Prajāpati's (yasya), because they stand at his bidding (itavyāḥ). The remaining word "prārambbāḥ" is put forward as an etymological explanation of the prefix "pra" in "pradiśaḥ," going to show how that word may be taken here to refer to the intermediate regions. I am not sure that I understand it. But I should be sorry on that account to

say that it is unintelligible, and still more reluctant to change it for another word. It seems to me to be dealing hard measure to Sayana to put in his mouth a word he did not use, and on that charge him with writing his commentary in the slipshod manner suggested.

So much for the idea that Sayana at any time thought of taking the "pradisāh" of the text in the sense of the principal regions. The reason assigned for his sudden abandonment, in the middle of a sentence, of that explanation appears to me to be equally chimerical. There is nothing in Sayana about wishing to assign to the arms of Prajāpati the place of the principal regions. Sayana's comment on the clause "yasya bāhū" is simply that the dual is used for the plural here, and that by "arms" we must understand in this context the principal regions, which Sayana speaks of, rightly enough, as "pradisāh" also. He gives a reason—a far-fetched one it must be said—why "bāhū" may be held to bear such a meaning. And he adds "avabhūtāh," precisely as before he added "īstavyāh," to specify the exact relation of dependence intended by the genitive case.

If the foregoing be right, as I believe it is, have we not here one more case in which we shall ultimately have to fall back on the reading of MSS. which are only "simply unintelligible" in the sense that they have not been understood? I have reason to know that in calling attention to similar cases, as I judge them to be, in Schlegel and Lassen's *Hitopadesa*, I have seemed to some to be wanting in respect to illustrious scholars. If the remarks which have given offence were a little too vivacious in style, I regret it. But surely something is due, too, to Sayana, to say nothing of the patient copyists. I confess I think that European editors of Sanskrit texts do occasionally forget that, to quote the great commentator himself, "it is not the fault of the post if the blind man runs his head against it."

I am not afraid of the antagonist I have provoked being too sensitive. It is very possible that Prof. Max Müller may have himself already reconsidered this passage, or had his attention called to it by others. If not, I shall hope to hear that the arguments I have brought forward have convinced him that this restoration must be abandoned. P. PETERSON.

"MOSHEH" AND "MĀSU."

Cambridge: June 18, 1883.

In a matter necessarily so doubtful as the etymology of *Mosheh* (for which Prof. Sayce refers to the Akkadian and Babylonian *Māsu*, a name of the sun god) every point must be considered which bears even indirectly upon the question. One such point is the fact that there is no certain instance of the name of a Babylonian deity ever occurring as, or in, the proper name of an Israelite. Samson, for obvious reasons, is not a case in point. Again, it is somewhat difficult to imagine at what time such a name could have been given to the great Israelitish leader, when it would have been consistent with either the faithfulness of the narrative or the carefulness of the redactor. Moreover, were it probable that these names would be so used, should we not expect well known ones, e.g., Sin, Rammānu, &c., rather than such as *Māsu* and *Savul*?

G. W. COLLINS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. K. MARTIN, of Leyden, has published, as the first part of his *Geologische Studien über Niederländisch West-Indien*, an excellent memoir on the geology of the islands of Curaçao, Aruba, and Bonaire. The geological

structure of these islands presents a striking resemblance to that of the mainland. They consist fundamentally of crystalline schists, believed to be of archæan age, associated with much diabase, and overlain by cretaceous rocks and coral formations of pleistocene and recent date. The coral limestones have become partly converted into phosphorite, by the action of infiltrations from deposits of guano. It is notable that gold-bearing quartz-veins traverse some of the diabasic and dioritic rocks of Aruba. Prof. Martin has illustrated his memoir by three coloured maps and sections, and by two plates of fossils.

The Baths and Wells of Europe. By John Macpherson, M.D. (Stanford.) Dr. Macpherson is a well-known and highly-esteemed physician, and, moreover, of large experience in those diseases, often induced by life in India and by luxury everywhere, which, once the London season is over, defy fruit salts and blue pill, and clamour for complete change of air and life. The most grateful and successful treatment of such cases is a visit to some one of the many fashionable baths of Europe; and from this handbook—a model of its kind—all may learn what resort is most suitable to particular complaints, tastes, and purses. The author is very happy in his arrangement, whereby endless repetitions are saved. He deals first of all with the action of water, hot and cold, pure and mineral, taken as a drink and used as a bath, upon the body in health and disease. Then, under certain well-considered heads, he passes in rapid but discriminating review each bath and well of value or repute in Europe, states its peculiar claims, indicates its real use, and withal, describes its climate, environ, social advantages, and medical appliances. In a word, all that doctors and patients wish to know beforehand they will find given here plainly, systematically, and briefly, without exaggeration and with most judicial impartiality. Dr. Macpherson is master not only of his subject but also of a dry humour and Scotch scepticism which make his chapters very palatable and piquant reading. He is a student, at least a quoter, of Montaigne, and this book too, we can assure our readers, is essentially one of good faith and commonsense.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE next volume in Messrs. Macmillan's "Classical Library" will be *Pliny's Letters to Trajan*, edited, with notes and introductory essays, by Mr. E. G. Hardy.

Cornell University Studies in Classical Philology. Nos. 1 and 2. (New York: Ithaca.) The authorities of the Cornell University have determined "to publish, in connexion with their classical work, such papers by instructors or students as may be thought to have an interest for workers in classical philology elsewhere." The two first of such papers are now before us: "The Cum Constructions," by W. G. Hale, Professor of Latin; and "Analogy," by B. I. Wheeler, the Professor of Greek. The former, of which apparently only the first part has appeared, is entirely "critical." Prof. Hale occupies his seventy pages in examining the different theories by which previous scholars have attempted to explain and give reasons for the constructions of *cum* with the indicative and subjunctive in Latin. The main part of the pamphlet is occupied by a minute refutation of Hoffmann and Lübbert. We are inclined to think that Prof. Hale has succeeded so far as his destructive efforts are concerned, and we shall look eagerly for the constructive part which is to follow. The second paper is an attempt in fifty pages to classify the examples of analogy in ancient and modern languages.

The classification seems to be based on that of Paul, and the article does not contain much that is exactly new. But the scheme put forward is a good "working hypothesis," the collection of instances brought together is both interesting and useful, and the full references to the literature of the subject are very convenient. The *Cornell University Studies* promise to be a valuable series of papers, if they keep up to the level of the two opening numbers.

De vi atque indole rhythmorum quid veteres indicaverint. By G. Amsel. (Breslau: Köbner.) This is a somewhat disappointing pamphlet. The title leads one to expect that it aims at solving the difficulties of Greek "rhythmic," and that its solution is based on the only solid material we have—the fragments of Aristoxenus and other Greek writers on the subject. Such a book, working out and criticising Westphal, is much needed. Instead of that, we have chapters on such subjects as "divina rhythmorum origo," or the *ῥῆος* of the iambic, and a good deal more that might well have been omitted. The pamphlet is, however, worth consulting for two reasons. First, there is a good deal scattered up and down its 160 pages which deserves attention, especially, perhaps, from a writer on Plato's rhythmic. From p. 97 we may quote a new version of Horace *A. P.* 80, in which *popularis strepitus* is rendered *sermocotidianus*, though one desiderates a parallel for this use of *strepitus* earlier than Apollinaris Sidonius (*Ep.* ix.13). Secondly, the last fifty pages are taken up with collations of MSS. made by L. Cohn and Studemund, and not yet published. Most of these are taken from Italian MSS. of Aristides, and are of value for future editors and students of that writer.

Essai de Métrique Grecque. By A. E. Chaignet. (Paris: Vieweg.) M. Chaignet goes tooth and nail for the received ideas about Greek metres and rhythms. He will have none of the long syllable which balances a trochee (—) or spondee (u), he introduces anapaests into the middle feet of the ordinary iambic, and does a variety of other things by the side of which J. H. H. Schmidt's wildest rhythmical periods seem the impotent efforts of an unimaginative speculation. M. Chaignet has also new ideas on prosody. His book might be popular with schoolboys who do not mind anapaests and spondees "in the fourth place." We do not think scholars will regard it as an advance in the difficult study of the Greek metres and rhythms.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 11.)

THE President in the chair.—Mr. T. Onions read a paper on "Robert Burns." After a sketch of his life and education, the character of the poet was dwelt upon; his openness, hatred of hypocrisy, independence, and, above all, his kindly disposition were emphasised. His greatest charm is his love of nature and his beautiful descriptions of country and country life, of which he was a close and loving observer. His poetry is eminently simple, natural, and plain; in quaintness, originality, power of graphic description, humour and humourous pathos, he is unsurpassed; as examples we may take "The Elegy on Poor Mailie," and "Death and Dr. Hornbook." "Holy Willie's Prayer" was given as an example of his satires, which are most cutting. Mr. Onions then discussed the poem on Mary Campbell, "The Jolly Beggars," "Halloween," "The Address to the De'il," "Tam o' Shanter."

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 15.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Alex. J. Ellis read a paper on "the conditions of a universal language in reference to the invitation

of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, U.S., to send delegates to a congress for perfecting a universal language on an Aryan basis, and its report on Volapük." Mr. Ellis reviewed the whole question with respect to phonetics, the construction of roots, the nature of an artificial grammar, the formation and position of Volapük, the various other proposals made both on an Aryan and non-Aryan basis, and the adaptability of a congress for discussing such points, and concluded by moving that the Philological Society should take no action in the matter: first because the subject could not be properly dealt with in a congress, even if a complete programme were submitted; secondly, because it was not clear from the report what an Aryan basis meant, or whether it was *a priori* desirable; and lastly, because of the large acceptance of Volapük, which was excluded by the terms of the invitation, but which is the only scheme with a completely elaborated grammar and dictionary, and counting its adherents by the hundred thousand.—This resolution was seconded by Prof. Rieu, supported by Dr. Furnivall and the chairman, and carried unanimously. The society then adjourned till November 2.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" (National Gallery)—also Mr. KEELEY HALLSWELL'S "October Woodlands" (Grosvenor Gallery). Important Etchings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, MESSRS. DOWDESWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

Memoir of Peter Dewint. By Walter Armstrong. (Macmillan.)

THE publishers have issued, in a form of hopeless awkwardness, what might have been in all respects a pleasant possession—the memoir of Dewint. It is a book in which the illustrations have dominated, and it is only a few of them that are at all successful. Low as was the key in which Dewint's colour was pitched, colour itself was of the very essence of the effect in his work. He was marvellously sober, and an unerring harmony of hue was half his charm. Very skilfully executed mezzotint—such mezzotint as might be produced by Mr. Frank Short, were he minded to address himself to the reproduction of this master—would conceivably render Dewint's tone, and the extreme subtlety of his gradations within narrow limits. But illustrations by the photographic processes as a rule do nothing of the kind. At the best, of course, we should miss colour; but there would be some suggestion of it in the balanced translation of Dewint's own colour into light and shade. Photographic reproduction gives us no translation at all. It gives us, generally, an arbitrary substitution. The thing may be tolerable—may convey something of the character of the master. Or it may be, as here it sometimes is, intolerable; conveying nothing of the master whatever, except such part of his work as can display none of the individuality of his vision and his touch.

Many of Dewint's drawings—as all students of his art will remember—are very long oblongs. That was the form best adapted to views or compositions which were often panoramic in their character and extent. Dewint's drawings are in this way a most complete contrast to the compositions of George Barret. In George Barret's drawings there is continually a great extent of country. You look across to the horizon through depth beyond depth of plain. But in Dewint's drawings, while the land represented is seemingly as extensive, it stretches

to the right hand and stretches to the left. To reproduce the forms of such drawings at all in a printed book—unless upon a scale on which their features must be sacrificed—the printed book must be of a very awkward shape to read and to handle. The printed line upon the page is immense in extent; it is absolutely fatiguing. And this obvious adaptation or subordination of the literary part of the volume to the pictorial part of the volume—which yet is, on the whole, unsuccessful—subjects the writer, perhaps unjustly, to the suspicion of having furnished what the trade calls "text." The book is too much a drawing-room book, and not a very pretty drawing-room book. Any facts about Dewint hitherto unknown might well have been presented in a form more compact. The truth is, however, that, though Mr. Armstrong has done entirely his best, and has written excellently what he has written at all, there was very little to know, very little to relate. The "memoir" has but six and forty pages. The origin of the book, as I take it, was the possession on somebody's part, of these not very portable, not very comely, illustrations. Or there was a deep sense of duty, that Dewint's life, although uneventful and uninteresting, had somehow to be written.

Peter Dewint was really an estimable person, but estimable like the first *bourgeois* in the street. The best of him—of his character, that is, in private relations—nearly all the good in him was shown, not to men of distinction on the high level of their friendship; not to youthful, poor, or faulty artists whom, with a sympathy with the work common to them all, he might have helped; but to his own immediate family and to one friend, Hilton. He was as domestic as a linendraper in Brixton. He had no errant sensibilities—no extensive mental range—few human associations to feed him with a various diet. But he taught drawing to well-to-do and well-placed people; earned steadily an excellent income, rather by that than by any considerable prices received for his work. He lived an ordinary life. A single fellow-artist of eminence, it seems—John Constable—appreciated his work to the point of actually buying it. But in the main his buyers were "the gentlemen"—"the gentlemen" and Mr. Vokins, who was amazingly like "a gentleman" too. Dewint died, having conducted, as it may be said, a successful business. And then, afterwards, some connoisseurs and critics—the sort of people popular painters and ignorant writers are fond of telling us about as "differing in opinion" so much, as unsafe guides, as judges somehow accepted (Heaven knows why, since probably malicious, and certainly foolish!)—these people, when the chance was given to them, saw the genius which the popular painter had passed over and the average writer had ignored, though Mr. Vokins had seen it in good time. Dewint's immortality was declared. He takes up his rank—an uninteresting man, it may be, for the public to read about; but an artist with a vision of his own, exquisite, if homely. Thenceforward a great name in Art—a name to stand beside the name of Constable and the name of David Cox.

Dewint was, in great measure, of Dutch descent, and very Dutch—admirably Dutch,

may one say?—was his satisfaction with homeliness, his content with the unexalted. That must be borne in mind as the true keynote to his work. That was its dominating spirit. Perfectly unpretentious, he was unambitious also. He saw the material for his art in the first field that stretched beyond the small provincial city where he took up his summer quarters; and though, indeed, in the course of a fairly long life, he painted a little in Normandy, and painted in the Lakes, and in the Isle of Wight, and in the Vale of Gloucester, he would have gained a distinction hardly less enviable than that which he has now acquired—nay, hardly at all different from it—if he had performed every morsel of his work within three miles of the cathedral and the upper town of Lincoln. Save for the presence of the coast in a very few of his drawings, it is possible to see within three miles of Lincoln everything, practically, by which Dewint was ever inspired. Walking out into the country that distance is enough to throw the great towers, the chapter-house, the Galilee porch of the noblest of English churches, into quite a remote background, so that they shall rise against the sky far away, after furlong upon furlong of field and fen. Turning your back upon the city altogether, there comes almost directly the real and quiet land: the barton, the strawyard, the waggon, the immense cornland—the "la Beauce" of England. All that—that sometimes in strongish sunshine, but chiefly in grey weather—Dewint painted much as it really lay, yet in rhythmic composition, with restful breadth, with simplicity, in quiet hues. Of course there was a very definite connexion between the man's own temperament and the capacity to do this perfectly, to do it with content, and to do little besides. And certainly his Dutch origin must be remembered continually when we are in presence of the work which, with attachment, but never with passion, Dewint wrought, bringing before us a landscape of quietude, effects entirely unsensational, far-stretching, yet uneventful, skies.

A good deal has been written already about the art of Dewint. Even Mr. Ruskin—busy in turn with the interests of Turner and the interests of the race—has found time to pay a tribute to the directness, the sincerity, and (by implication) the wholesomeness of his work. But one side at least of this delightful artist's excellence has never been better expressed than in the following paragraph, the closing, and I think the most careful, one in Mr. Armstrong's book:

"Dewint's place in English art is with Constable and David Cox. Like Constable, he saw instinctively the true capabilities of English landscape, and, like Cox, the true powers of the medium in which he worked. His *coup d'œil* for a subject was even finer than theirs. He seized with a quicker instinct on the best point of view, the most rhythmical combinations of line, the most effective chords of colour. His sense of unity was almost unerring. In his most hasty sketches, no less than in his finished pictures, there is ever a central idea led up to and enhanced by every touch of his brush. He was less robust than Constable. He had none of his inability to follow; none of his desire to combine illusion with balance, to make the restlessness of nature shine through the repose of art. Neither had he the intense sympathy with Nature's moods which distin-

guished Cox, nor his sense of the brotherhood between still-life and humanity, nor his love for the infinities of colour. His greatness depends more on insight than imagination, more on selection than inclusion, more on unity than width of view. He was, in short, more strictly—more narrowly, some might say—an artist."

Having said quite enough about the incapacity of the illustrations, in the main, to really recall the characteristics of Dewint's work, let me single out two or three that do in great measure represent him. No. 7 and No. 10—"Haymakers" and "Canterbury Meadows"—make an inevitable, yet none the less a happy record of his composition, of his fashion of seeing the world. We are well reminded of his actual touch in the "Gloucester" (No. 17), and it was very right to include among the subjects chosen such a study of still life as is afforded by the "Weeds" (No. 8). That, perhaps, is hardly "still life" proper; but it at least approaches it, and it shows, as well as anything else, with what largeness and nobility of vision Dewint approached the commonest and the most familiar material.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TARATHA" AND "BABIA."

London: June 14, 1888.

The goddess Babia may or may not have been worshipped at Carchemish, wherever that was, as well as at Damascus; but there are indications that a deity of the like or the same name was honoured with more than a merely local cultus. The statement of Damascus that "the Syrians, and especially those in Damascus, call infants and even striplings Babia, from the goddess Babia worshipped by them," reminds me that *ba-bu* is one of the Assyrian terms for "child" (see the list of synonyms of *māru*, 2 R. 36). The Syriac (Nisibene) proper name Bābai seems to be connected with that of the goddess; and Baba is the name of a god in the Vannic inscriptions, according to Mordtmann (*Z.D.M.G.* xxxi.). In the case of folk so fond of verbal allusiveness as the Semitic peoples appear to have been, it would be strange if the likeness in sound between *bābā*, "gate," and these divine names had been overlooked.

Lastly, it appears that Zirpanit, the Babylonian goddess of procreation, had a chapel in the temple-gate called KA KHILISŪ or *bāb kuzbu* (*E. I. H.* ii. 51; *Grotef.* i. 31-33, see Flemming's note on the former passage); so that "gate-goddess" would not have been a meaningless epithet in her case at least. I would, however, prefer to suggest a connexion between the "goddess Babia" of Damascus and the Pahlavi *Bāb*, *Bābai*, "father," a title of fire. The Greek writer may be answerable for the Greek ending. C. J. BALL.

THE HYKSŌS KING RA-IAN AND THE BAGDAD LION.

Weston-super-Mare: June 20, 1888.

Through the kindness of Miss Edwards, I have now before me a photograph of the sculptured throne and legs of Ra-ian; and on comparing the signs composing the praenomen with those of the cartouche on the breast of the Bagdad lion (in the accurate cast taken for me by Mr. Ready), I am quite of Mr. Griffith's opinion that the two must be identical. On the lion (or rather sphinx) the upright ears and

the feet of the third sign are distinct in a good side light, and doubtless led to the suggestion of Deveria that it was intended for the sitting Set-monster. The last sign, out (as Mr. Griffith says) with such difficulty, may be identical in the two.

In my last letter Pleyte is misprinted Playte.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. BISCOMBE GARDNER—who is probably best known as a wood-engraver by his masterly interpretation of pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, &c.—is also himself by no means unskilled with the pencil, as those know who remember his illustrations to an article by Mr. Grant Allen in the *English Illustrated Magazine* a year or two ago. He now proposes to exhibit a collection of his work in black and white, dealing mainly with Surrey farms and landscapes in the neighbourhood of Dorking. The exhibition will be held at 17A Great George Street, opposite Westminster Abbey; and the private view is fixed for to-day.

MISS MARY BOYLE is engaged on a biographical catalogue of Lord Bradford's pictures at Weston Park. The volume will be printed for private circulation by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE July number of the *Magazine of Art* will contain an article by Sir John Millais, entitled "Thoughts on our Art of To-day," which is understood to be the first occasion on which the painter has expressed his views in print. It is gratifying to know that he is

"emphatically of opinion that the best art of modern times is as good as any of its kind that has gone before; and, furthermore, that the best art of England can hold its own against the world."

The article will be illustrated with two portraits: one, at twenty-one years of age, from a pencil drawing by Mr. Holman Hunt; the other after Mr. Frank Holl's diploma picture.

A SPECIAL number of the *Art Journal* will be published on June 28, devoted entirely to the Glasgow Exhibition. It will contain about sixty illustrations, including reproductions of the newest designs in industrial art, engravings of the most important pictures and sculpture, with several drawings of the exhibits in the Bishop's Palace. The number will contain, in addition, four full-page representations of the main entrance from the grounds, the royal reception rooms, the Bishop's Palace, and the Gray Street front.

THE School and Guild of Handicraft at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, is to be opened to-day by Sir William Hart Dyke.

MR. W. HEATH WILSON has a little exhibition of little pictures at Clifford's in Piccadilly. Venice is the subject of most of them, and the title by which it has been chosen to advertise them; but they comprise a good many views in the neighbourhood of Florence and elsewhere in Italy—indeed, some of the best are taken from the bank of the Arno, the hills of Fiesole, and near the quarries of Carrara, and a few are scenes in Suffolk. Some of Mr. Heath Wilson's larger pictures of Italian scene have attracted some attention at the Royal Academy of recent years, and this little collection of his studies sustains his reputation as a colourist and as a faithful and poetical observer of nature. They are all very clever, very pretty, and very cheap.

WE are requested to state that the Royal Academy *soirée*, which was fixed for Wednesday next, June 27, has been postponed to Wednesday, July 11.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

"THE SQUIRE" was revived on Saturday night at the St. James's Theatre. The revival of "The Iron Master," it appears, had no very real success; but the performances of "The Squire" are intended, it is said, to continue to the end of the season—a period not indeed very distant. It is likely then that Mrs. Kendal will take her farewell of the St. James's audience in the character of Kate Verity—a character in itself profoundly sympathetic, and one which she interprets with the best profundity of her art.

A WELCOME change—a change in the direction that nearly all qualified writers, who have expressed themselves about it, have ventured to advise—was made on Saturday, by Mr. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes, in the ending of their "Scarlet Letter." While the death of the revengeful Chillingworth at the hands of the mob is retained—that Hester may be rid at last of a husband who has become only a persecutor—the death of Dimmesdale, her lover, is for the first time accomplished, that a deep and fitting pathos may settle over the end of the story. So treated, the piece—albeit but slightly relieved throughout its course by the humour which an audience loves—is from beginning to end a worthy presentation of the main theme of a powerful romance. An opportunity afforded to us on Tuesday of seeing the play at the Royalty a second time served to persuade us more strongly of the quite unusual excellence of its literary style. It is true indeed that Mr. Coleridge (by implication) represents Goethe as having been indebted to a young New England divine for one of his famous phrases—"the spirit that denies"—but this anachronism may be pardoned in a composition from which the commonplace is banished wholly. We are thankful for dialogue so terse, so sober, and, at need, so vivid. Altered as it now is in the sense in which we have indicated, the piece ought certainly to receive the continued support of the best playgoers in London; for, in closing with the appropriate and, as we dare to think, the inevitable sadness, it gives to its principal exponents—to Miss Calhoun and to Mr. Forbes Robertson—only one opportunity the more for fine effect. And the opportunity is fully taken. The "Scarlet Letter" is unquestionably a performance which it is an artistic and even a social duty not to miss.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. C. HALLÉ gave his fifth concert last Friday week, and played Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). It is not often that one has a chance of hearing this remarkable work. It is nearly twenty years since it was given at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Hallé interpreted it with his usual precision and refinement; but, before the close of the terribly exacting fugue, he seemed somewhat exhausted. The first three movements rank among Beethoven's finest inspirations; but the fugue, if clever, is long and laboured. Beethoven, it is said, added it to make the work sell—a proof how little he was a man of the world. The programme included an exceedingly interesting pianoforte Trio in A minor (Op. 26), by M. E. Lalo, the composer of the *Symphonie Espagnole*, with

which Señor Sarasate has made us familiar. The Trio combines modern German style with French clearness and elegance. The first movement, *Allegro passionato*, has most attractive themes, and the working of them shows a skilful hand. The *Presto* has much character. The *Tres lent* is, perhaps, slightly monotonous in rhythm, but is nevertheless a fine movement. The Finale is bright. The work deserves a hearing at the Popular Concerts. It was admirably interpreted by M^{me}. Norman-Néruda, Herr Néruda, and Mr. C. Hallé.

The last Philharmonic Concert took place on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall. Herr Svendsen conducted Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. On the whole he gave a very characteristic reading of this familiar work, although we could not agree with his fast *tempi* in the first three movements, nor with the pause before the storm. Fräulein Soldat played Brahms's Violin Concerto with considerable effect; but we should prefer to hear her in a work in which she would be less hampered with thankless difficulties, and in which she could show what she possesses of grace and refinement. M^{me}. Sophie Menter played Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in G—a work full of immense technical difficulties which, of course, she overcomes with the greatest ease. Unfortunately, from a musical point of view, the Concerto is of small interest. The programme included Dr. Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsody (No. 1), conducted by the composer. Besides, there were some songs sung by Herr Mayer from Cologne; and altogether the concert was too long. There was a good attendance.

Berlioz's "Faust" was given at the sixth Richter Concert on Monday evening. It is strange that this work, which since its production by Mr. Hallé in 1880 has become so popular, should only now be taken in hand by Herr Richter. That the conductor would do justice to the instrumental part was a foregone conclusion. The Hungarian March was given with all brilliancy, and the Ballet of Sylphs with all delicacy. The solo parts were taken by Miss Mary Davies, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Messrs. Pierpoint and Santley; and they all sang with much effect. Mr. Santley, unfortunately, was not in good voice. With respect to the chorus, the ladies deserve great praise, but the tenors were limp and at times flat. The programme-book gave an interesting account of Berlioz's first setting of "Faust." The *Huit Scènes de Faust*, as it was called, did not please the composer, and he tried to have all the printed copies destroyed. Some were, however, preserved; and Mr. Barry, having obtained one of these from Mr. Dannreuther's library, was able to give a brief account of it. Another copy has been preserved in the library of the Conservatoire at Paris. The performance of "Faust" was preceded by the impressive Funeral March from the "Götterdämmerung," in commemoration of the death of the German emperor.

Dr. Bülow was in splendid form last Tuesday afternoon. In his readings of the earlier Sonatas there was some dross mixed with the gold; but this time, when he set himself the formidable task of playing five of Beethoven's grandest creations for the piano, there was not a trace of eccentricity or of exaggeration. His reading of the "Appassionata" was pure and dignified; and in the three last Sonatas (Ops. 109, 110, and 111) he displayed all his powers both as executant and interpreter. With Dr. Bülow, the harder the task the greater is his success; the finer the work, the finer the playing. It is unnecessary to go into detail; and, indeed, where everything was so good and so well balanced, it would be difficult to do so without becoming monotonous. One little remark, however, may be made about the

second movement of the Sonata in A flat (Op. 110), in which Dr. Bülow takes the liberty of playing the trio twice. In his edition of the Beethoven sonatas he tells us that by this means the movement is improved. We will not venture to quarrel with the learned doctor's assertion, but it seems scarcely right to make such a change in the text without proper notification.

On the same afternoon, M. Ovide Musin was giving an orchestral concert at Prince's Hall. While Dr. Bülow was playing the "Adieux" Sonata and the Fantasia (Op. 77), we went there and heard part of the programme. M. Musin, a clever violinist, played a Concertstück in the form of a serenade by the late D. Damsch. The music is light and graceful. The second movement is the best. Beethoven's Symphony in A was performed under the direction of Mr. W. Damsch, the conductor of the Opera House at New York. This gentleman is not lacking in energy—a very good thing in its way; but too much of it is aggravating to the audience as well as to the players. Mr. Damsch is, however, young, and shows signs of promise.

The Wagner Society held their annual conversazione at Prince's Hall on Tuesday evening. To do justice to the genius of Baireuth a stage and large orchestra are absolutely necessary. But the society is at present in its infancy, and is obliged to accommodate itself to circumstances. The "Siegfried" Idyll for small orchestra was given under the direction of Mr. Armbruster, and excerpts from the "Götterdämmerung" were sung with pianoforte accompaniment. One cannot but admire the skill and zeal displayed by Mr. Armbruster in trying to make the music acceptable with such a poor substitute for the orchestra. The principal vocalists were Miss P. Cramer, Miss M. Willis, and Miss M. Hall. The pure and refined singing of choruses from "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman" by the ladies of the Hyde Park Academy, under the direction of Mr. H. F. Frost, deserves special mention.

The performance of "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden on Saturday last was one of special interest. It would be difficult to find a stronger cast. M^{me}. Albani was the Elsa; M. J. de Reske, the Knight of the Graal; and his brother, the King. The difficult rôles of Ortrude and Tetramund were most effectively played by M^{lle}. Hastreiter and Signor D'Andrade. The chorus was not all that could be desired, but at times sang exceedingly well. Signor Mancinelli is an able musician, but not an ideal Wagner conductor. It is scarcely necessary to add that the house was crowded in every part.

There is no need to enter into any detail respecting M^{me}. Christine Nilsson's farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. There were, of course, many attractions; but the interest centred around the artist who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has been a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament. The crowded hall, the enthusiasm, and the encores testified to the great esteem in which she is held by the public. Her triumphs on the stage and in the concert-room will not be for a long time forgotten.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Fünf Stücke, Two Musical Sketches, Bourrée, Seguidille. By Herbert F. Sharpe. The selection of suitable music is always a difficulty with teachers. For some pupils it must not be too dry, for others not too difficult. Pianoforte pieces, then, that comply with both these conditions are exceedingly useful, and among such we may class most of the above-named. The *Fünf Stücke*, especially Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are

very pleasing. They have a strong Schumann flavour; but who can escape the influence of this composer? The two Sketches are scarcely equal in merit, yet they are not without interest. The Bourrée is a good study in staccato, and the Seguidille is quaint and lively. Mr. Sharpe has also written some "Character Pieces" as pianoforte duets, a "Legende" for violin and piano, an "Idylle" for flute and piano—all interesting. His duets for two violins, with pianoforte accompaniment, will please young players. His song, "Twilight Visions," is only moderately interesting, and the constant repetition of words is not to our taste.

Four Pieces and Bolero for pianoforte, by Sydney Shaw, may be recommended as light drawing-room music above the average. Nos. 2 and 3 of the Four Pieces are graceful. No. 1 is rather weak, and No. 4 is uncomfortably written. Composers of this kind of music should avoid as much as possible large stretches. Mr. Shaw's "Romance" for violoncello and piano is a showy piece. His "Three Songs," "Can you Forget," and "The Angel and the Child," are not without good points; yet there is more of sentimentality than sentiment in them.

Mr. G. Saint-George is not an ambitious composer. His pieces are light, but often very graceful. The "Chant d'Amour," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, and the "Fueilles d'Album" for the same, will suit players who like flowing melody and simple rhythm. Of a similar character are his pianoforte pieces, "La Gioconda" and "Toujours à toi"; and his songs, "The Magyar's Home," "The Castle in the Air," and "Mabelle." He has also written an overture for orchestra, entitled "Réveil du Printemps."

Mr. A. S. Beaumont writes music of a very similar character. His "Lullaby" for piano, violin, viola, and harmonium; his "Lullaby" for orchestra; his "Idyll" pianoforte duet; and the songs, "Resignation" and "Sleep, Sleep," are all more remarkable for softness and grace than for strength and originality.

Trois Danses de Salon, by Carl Weber, are light and pretty; but the trio of the Gavotte is rather common, and does not match well with the rest of the piece.

Caprice and Souvenir, for pianoforte, by W. Davies, are two simple but well-written pieces; we prefer the former.

In *Fairyland*, for pianoforte, by J. C. Forrester, does not quite come up to the title; but it is pretty. It would have gained by being shorter. His song, "Phyllis," is simple but rather taking.

Of light pianoforte pieces we may mention, "Resignation," by E. Wagner; "Valse de Concert," by De Orellana; "In Olden Time" (minuet), by S. E. Oldham. Of songs, "Love's Return," by S. E. Oldham; "Guardami," by the same; and particularly "Sae far away" and "A Rosebud by my Early Walk," by J. J. Haakman.

All the above named pieces are published by Mr. C. Woolhouse.

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